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OCTOBER 1944

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Girl with Wings

*
PEGGIE DIEHL
 Powers Model—Pilot too!
 *

"I soloed at 17," says Peggie Diehl. "Not all my time has been spent before a camera! I've found that flying and modeling have something in common—you need good health for both."

"Models are careful to get eight hours sleep a night, plenty of exercise, and proper diet. . . . When it comes to three square meals a day—well, I've let Wheaties help make my breakfast the nourishing meal it should be. I like the way Wheaties taste."

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SPECIAL! Pictures of Glamorous Powers Models—set of three, including "Girl with Wings." Each picture 5 by 7 in., suitable for framing. Today, send one Wheaties box top and only 5c (to cover handling costs) to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 866, Minneapolis 15, Minn.



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DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Mystery

When Gilly entered the camera contest she found herself involved in a baffling mystery

By ADAM ALLEN

Author of "New Broome Experiment"

GILLY PRESCOTT walked down the broad main hall of Clinton High School at the end of her third day there and tried to persuade herself that it didn't really look bleak and chilly. It was only her imagination that made her think it did; it was simply because she was new, a stranger.

She mustn't be impatient. Lots of people shifted schools, and they didn't die of loneliness because of it. Pretty soon they felt as if they'd always gone to the new one. It would happen to her, too.

"But I hope it happens soon," Gilly whispered.

Up ahead, at the doorway, students stood around laughing and talking. Gilly instinctively slowed her steps, reluctant to force a passage through them for her solitary self. Catching sight of the big school bulletin board to her right, she turned toward it gratefully and pretended to study it with deep interest.

And suddenly her interest became real and alive. There before her was the first thing she had seen in Clinton High that made her feel as if she belonged. As she stared at the big gay sign her eyes got bluer with excitement. "Candid Camera Contest," it said, and the big C covering the three words was delightfully embellished with tiny pictures carefully pasted on by some member of the art class. Below were



Suddenly Gilly's interest became real and alive. This was for her!

smaller letters, and Gilly moved closer.

Prizes were to be awarded for the best candid camera shots, made by high school students, of local Clinton residents, she read. And, besides, the pictures were all to be exhibited in the Community Hall at a benefit for the National War Fund.

"I'll enter," Gilly was thinking excitedly. "I'll rush right home now and get out my camera and go looking for subjects. And tonight . . ." Then she stopped, and some of the ex-

citement went out of her.

For one happy instant she'd forgotten that she no longer had the use of her cousin Ben's fine darkroom, where she had spent so many wonderful hours.

"Now stop it," Gilly took herself in hand. "Lots of people just take their negatives to a drugstore to be developed and printed. Lots of people."

"Hi. Going to enter?" a voice said in her ear, and Gilly jumped. She'd been so absorbed that she hadn't noticed the tall red-haired boy who had come to stand beside her.

"Oh! Why, I . . ."

Gilly felt herself blushing. It was the same boy she'd noticed in English class that morning.

"Now there is somebody . . ." Gilly had thought vaguely then, noting his impertinent nose and his kind eyes and the easy, comfortable way he moved across the room and sat down. "Now there . . ." But she had shut the thought off immediately. Anybody who looked like that must be just about the most popular boy in school, and it was simply ridiculous to think even for an instant that he would notice a newcomer. It was worse than ridiculous.

"The camera contest, I mean," the voice went on, and he grinned down at her.

"I was thinking about it," Gilly said primly. She hoped he didn't see that she was blushing, and at the same time illogically hoped he didn't think her face was just naturally this particular shade of red. "I just transferred here from Passmore High and . . ."

"Yeah. That's what I heard."

Had he asked about her?

"And at home I always did my own developing and printing," she went on, trying to pretend she hadn't heard. "I used to borrow my cousin's darkroom. Of course, I know I could have the negatives..."

"Well, look. Why don't you use my darkroom?"

Gilly's eyes, that had been demurely fastened on a notice about a faculty meeting Friday at 3 P. M. sharp, flew wide and she turned to face him. "You mean you...?"

"Sure." He grinned again and it was, but definitely, the

nicest grin Gilly had ever seen. "Surprised? Do I look so dumb you didn't think I could figure out the difference between developer and hypo?"

"Oh, no! I didn't mean that! I just—I didn't know anybody around here had a darkroom," she finished lamely. It was an idiotic thing to say, but the next moment she was glad she'd said it.

"As a matter of fact, nobody else but me has, that I know of. But I always think that part's the most fun of all. Don't you?" Gilly nodded. "What kind of developer have you

and your cousin been using?"

Fifteen minutes later they had covered the subject of developers pretty carefully, and they had also, somehow, reached Gilly's house. She didn't remember whether he had exactly asked to walk home with her, or whether they had just naturally walked along in this direction. But here they were.

"... So I followed the directions and mixed up a batch of the stuff, and it really worked out pretty well. I'd like to have you try it." He was concluding a description of a new formula.

"I'd love to."

"Swell. You don't have to try it on your contest pictures, of course, but later on, you know—just for an experiment."

So there was going to be a "later on." Gilly smiled.

"This is where I live," she said. "I—would you like to come in a minute?"

"Sorry. I can't, thanks."

Gilly blushed again. She should have known. After all, just because they both liked to take pictures...

"I'd like to some other time," he went on. "But—well, you see, Dad has a shop—a florist shop—and I usually go right home from school and help him out for an hour or so, so he can get his bookkeeping done. I guess I'm late enough today as it is."

"Oh." He'd sounded as if he meant it—both about the shop, and about wanting to come back some other time. "I hope your father won't be angry."

"He won't. He always says I don't have to help, but I like to. So when do you want to use the darkroom? Can't waste too much time, you know. The contest closes next week. Practically any evening would be all right."

Gilly thought quickly. Today was Friday. She could go out the first thing tomorrow—or anyway right after she'd helped her mother with the final business of settling into the new house. So by tomorrow night she'd be ready. But no. To-

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The man was looking toward the camera when she made her shot. This one was good.





Joyce, alias "Janie" in the film of that name, gets a big thrill out of sitting in the driver's seat with her soldier friend, Robert Hutton. She is riding straight to fame.



Self-Portrait by Reynolds

Candid, charming Joyce Reynolds finds that in her first starring role she is playing herself—a typical American girl

By CHARLOTTE SIDE

HAVE you ever felt that you'd like to step outside of yourself and see what you look like to others? That's exactly the opportunity that an acting career has given Joyce Reynolds. Seeing herself in the movie "Janie" was rather like

watching some intricate trick done with mirrors.

"You see, I am Janie—always have been. And Janie is me," Joyce says.

And she will add that since many friends her own age played with her in the picture,

and since they all had a grand time making this story of a typical American girl in a typical American town, it's a little uncanny to see their gay adventures on the set preserved permanently in celluloid for all the world to look at.

Undoubtedly Joyce's own "typical American girl" personality helped to win the part of Janie, her first big role. But she had already proved her acting ability in previous pictures.

(Continued on page 64)



Welding on all steel is just one of the factory jobs that clever hands can learn to perfect. *Commercial News Photo*

American fashion designers grow more and more important. Will you be one of them? *Photograph School of Fashion*

Map-making, always a fascinating profession, has been broadened in scope by air photography. *International News Photo*

Teaching demands more—and gives more satisfaction in return—than almost any job in the world. *Graphic Photo*



CAREERS for Tomorrow

WHO hasn't thought long and often of the world of tomorrow and wondered where she would fit into it? We hear a great deal these days about postwar plans, and certainly it's a good idea to make some—not only plans for the world, but personal plans, too. So let's try to look ahead at the kind of world we'll be living in and at some of the openings for girls and women which are likely to occur in it.

Aviation, for example, and synthetic chemistry (the kind that produces nylon and lucite) are already changing our environment and will probably bring about even more changes in the years to come. Giant airplanes, sleek little private planes, and those wonderful helicopters that can go straight up or down or backwards and land in the space of a good-sized living room will further shrink the earth's distances. No place in the postwar world will be more than sixty hours away from its most distant neighbor. And plastics, already being used in airplanes, radio sets, telephones, and automobiles, will be even more evident in a wide variety of articles. There will be television,

Begin your postwar plans now if you want to build a place for yourself in the new world

By FRANCES and DARRELL HUFF

new arrangement of space and decoration, new kitchen equipment, and even new foods in the thousands of homes which will be built in the years to come. We're going to travel more, too, when GI Joe comes home at last he's not going to be content just to tell the girl he married about far lands he's seen—he'll want to take her to visit them for herself.

But despite all these changes, many of our basic needs will remain the same, and consequently, though even the most familiar kinds of work may have a new twist, few of today's jobs will completely disappear. They will, on the contrary, demand more intelligent, better trained hands and minds than ever before. If our postwar world is truly to be a better place in which to live,

Business will still require secretaries, for example, but they will have to be well-

informed if they are going to be able to write letters to foreign-speaking countries. Cooks will have to know how to prepare the dehydrated and debulked foods which will be commonplace, and some of them will acquire special skills to meet special problems—such as proper meal preparation for high-altitude flights. Salespeople in stores will find themselves selling new fabrics and new appliances, quite possibly to customers from all over the world.

So there will be new versions of old opportunities in many fields. Clerks who can speak more than one language, librarians with more knowledge of science, specialists in various services who can also fly a helicopter and thus answer the most distant calls—all should find places for themselves.

Where do you fit in? Finding your own little niche—the career that you will enjoy and do well in, that will pay your bread and butter and perhaps some cake—will take imagination and a good deal of self-searching. It's not enough to want to be a good linguist, to feel vaguely that you have an artistic sense or an aptitude

(Continued on page 58)

Camp Fire Girls Marjorie, Chuby have already begun to learn the rudiments of aviation in their study of "World Mapmaking."

Laboratories teach scientific minds. This girl is studying the effects of vitaminized foods on mice. *International News Photo*





Welding an oil duct is just one of the factory jobs that clever hands can learn to perform

International News Photo

American fashion designers grow more and more important. Will you be one of them?

Traphagen School of Fashion

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Epstein Photo



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(Continued on page 58)

Camp Fire Girls Horizon Clubs have already begun to learn the rudiments of aviation in their study of "World Horizons."

Laboratories beckon scientific minds. This girl is studying the effects of vitaminized foods on mice.

International News Photo



Light

COMPETITION

That's what the veteran reporter got from Flick Kennedy, but not in just the way he expected

By JOHN SCOTT DOUGLAS Author of "He's in the Merchant Marine Now"

FLICK KENNEDY'S blue eyes danced with excitement as she watched Mr. Bronson making typographical corrections on some copy. Laying it aside, he pushed his green eyeshade up on his bald head and peered over his spectacles.

"Well, Felicity, what can I do for you?"

The pulse in Flick's throat throbbed so that she could scarcely speak. "N-Norma said there might be an opening on the *Courier*."

The plump editor looked startled. "Not inquiring for yourself?"

"Yes," the girl said eagerly. "I was freshman correspondent of the school paper last year, and I took typing. If I could work here, Miss Roberts might let me take journalism this year. I have classes only in the morning, so I could manage after school all right."

"Hmmm. With three of my men in the Army, I might hire you if you were a bit older."

"I'll work hard," Flick promised anxiously.

Mr. Bronson rubbed his grizzled chin. "There's a position on this paper for a reporter good enough to beat a cocky young fellow named Cox who once worked here. Maybe you could handle local Desert Springs items for a couple of weeks until such a person turns up. Report tomorrow."

Flick's smile was radiant as she stepped into the outer office. Her older sister jerked a sheet from her typewriter and glanced up.

"Was Mr. Bronson desperate enough to employ you, infant?"

"For two weeks, Norma! And I gather that if I beat a certain

Mr. Cox on a local story, I'll be here for keeps. He can't be a superman."

"Oh-oh, so that's the catch? Listen, Flick, Vince Cox went to the Monte Grande News

Vince Cox swept off his hat. "A little child shall lead us," he said.



after a quarrel with Mr. Bronson, and now he delights in beating this sheet on any big stories breaking near Desert Springs. Every time it happens, the *News* gets some of our local subscribers."

"Why isn't he in the Army?"

"Infantile paralysis as a kid, but his slight limp doesn't keep

him from getting around faster than most news hawks."

"But how does he always beat the *Courier*?"

"Never the same way twice, Flick. Cox hired a desert rat to get a story out over the mountains when a cloudburst closed the road. Once he used a ranger's telephone. We sus-

pect a carrier pigeon delivered the story of a resort fire. And Cox must have learned about the new desert training center from an Army public relations officer. He's a chronic headache to Mr. Bronson!"

A few minutes later, Flick reached her room in a thoughtful mood. She dropped to her window seat and idly flicked dust from a telegraph key she had used the previous summer when she and some neighborhood boys formed the Junior Telegraphic circuit. The amateur telegraphers strung wires and practiced international code, but interest languished with the beginning of the school year.

"Wonder if anyone still uses the circuit?" Flick speculated.

After connecting wires to the big battery beneath the window seat, she tapped out a CQ, but her call to all stations brought no response. Most of the J.T.C. boys had jobs, but Harry Desmond, who lived next door, worked Saturdays only.

Flick leaned from the window and vocally imitated a telegraph key: "Da-da-da, dat-dat-dat, da-da-da."

Promptly a freckled face topped by tousled black hair appeared at the opposite window. "Hi, Flick," Harry said. "Why the SOS?"

"Distress signal, remember?"

"Hold everything!" he said, and disappeared.

She ran downstairs and plopped in the porch swing. A moment later Harry climbed over the porch rail.

"I have a simply super job on the Courier, Harry, but I'll keep it only two weeks unless . . ." She told him about Vince Cox.

He rolled his eyes ceilingward and sprawled in his favorite thinking posture, but finally jerked upright.

"I've got it! Remember the J.T.C. motto: 'One for all and all for the circuit'? Gary Price, Mel, and Ricky are working for their fathers and can get away in emergencies, and I work only one day a week."

Flick looked interested. "What's your idea?"

"Well, a big story might break at night. You tip me off. I get the J.T.C. crowd, and we station ourselves at different distances from town. When you have the story, you flash it in code—long flashes for dashes, short ones for dots—and we'll relay it across the desert by flashlight to the last man here, and he'll take it to the Courier."

"Wonderful!" Then Flick's smile faded. "But what if the story doesn't break at night?"

"Awk!" said Harry. "In that case, my idea just won't work."

Two days later Flick was writing a story about servicemen's families staying at the Desert Springs Inn when Mr. Bronson answered the phone. His door was open so she could not avoid overhearing him.

"Plane down? . . . Yes, Major Brand. One of my reporters has made many desert camping trips and can guide you through the mal pais." He pronounced it Spanish fashion, "mawl pawees." "Certainly, Major!"

He strode into the outer office rubbing his hands with satisfaction.

"Here's the time we beat Cox," he told Norma. "A Flying Fortress is down in the badlands and some of her crew are injured. Planes have dropped supplies but the crew can't get the injured men out because they can't find the trail. A medical officer is leading a rescue expedition, and I said you'd guide it."

"Gladly," Norma faltered, "but you asked me to cover the last day of the Reynolds-Qualmer trial today."

Flick understood Mr. Bronson's pained expression. To the people of Desert Springs, the long feud between the two ranchers over their property lines was second in importance only to war news.

"I forgot, you must cover the trial." He glanced speculatively

at Miss Timmons, and apparently decided that the prim little old lady who wrote the society column and occasional poems could be of no help, for he shook his head. "And I can't get away."

Flick's face was eager. "I know the trail through the lava beds as well as Norma, Mr. Bronson."

He started to shake his head, then reconsidered.

"Okay, okay!" he moaned. "I know when I'm licked! Do the best you can, Flick. I hope you can get some kind of a story."

Mr. Bronson returned to his office muttering. But he did not know the extent of his misfortune until three jeeps stopped before the Courier office an hour later. From the major's jeep jumped a red-headed young man in a checked suit. He limped slightly as he followed the officer. Norma, starting for the courthouse, paused and gripped Flick's arm.

"Here we go again—Vince Cox!" As the two men entered, Cox grinned and Norma said coolly, "Hello, Vince. This is my kid sister, Flick, who's going along. How come you

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Flick remembered the old landmarks that led through the badlands.

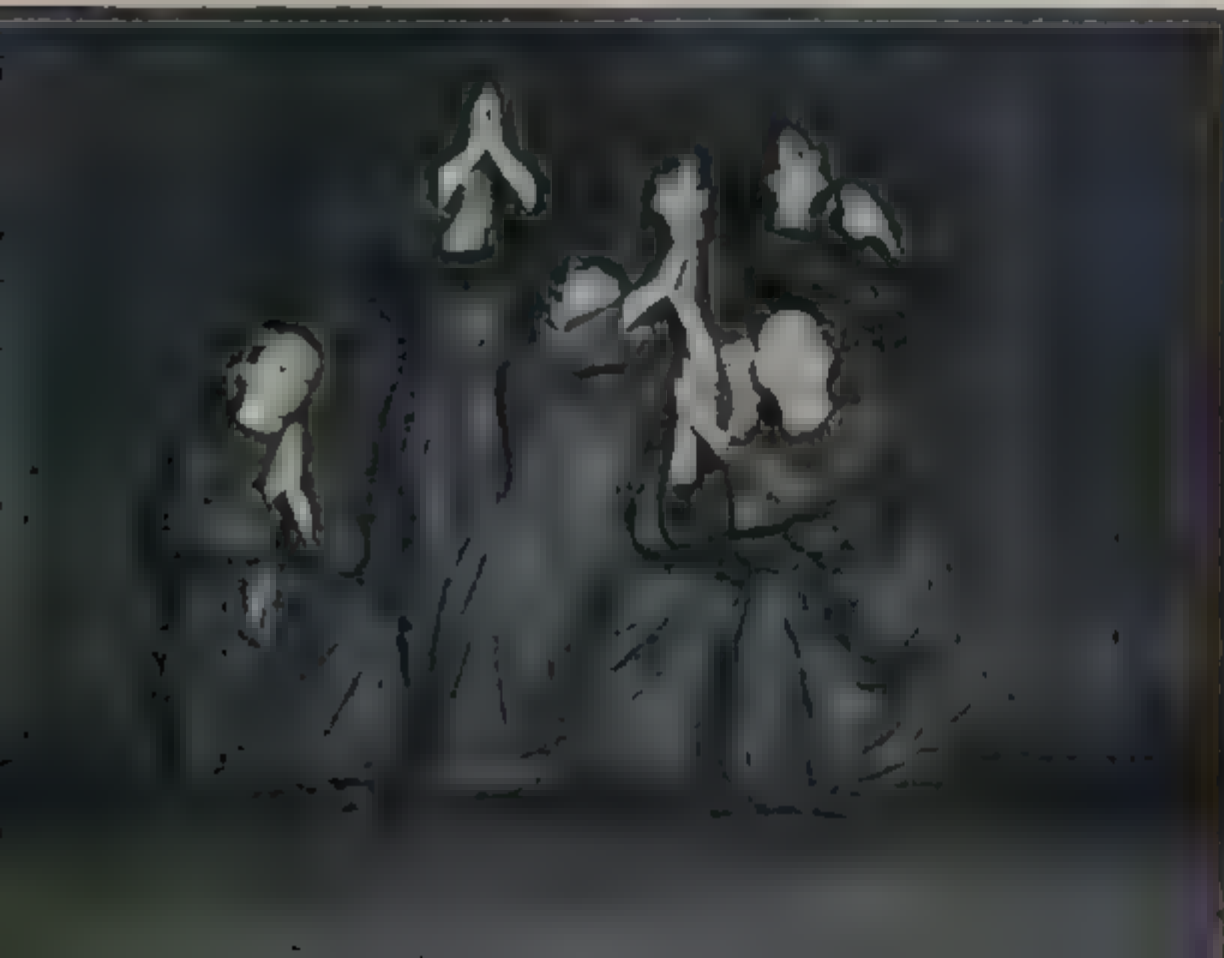


They say it with **DANCING**



Freedom of Speech. The pioneer represents the cause of free assembly, free press, free minds. There are gossip, argument, and strife in "our town" but newsmen, teachers, and children go right on talking things over. They, too, stand for the rights of men.

Freedom of Worship. Freedom of religion brings hope, high ideals, and prayer for "each according to the dictates of his own conscience." There are many creeds, but people all over the world find harmony within themselves and understanding for others.



THE members of the Teen-Age Dance Workshop have ideas to express, and they are discovering new ways to speak out in the old language of dance.

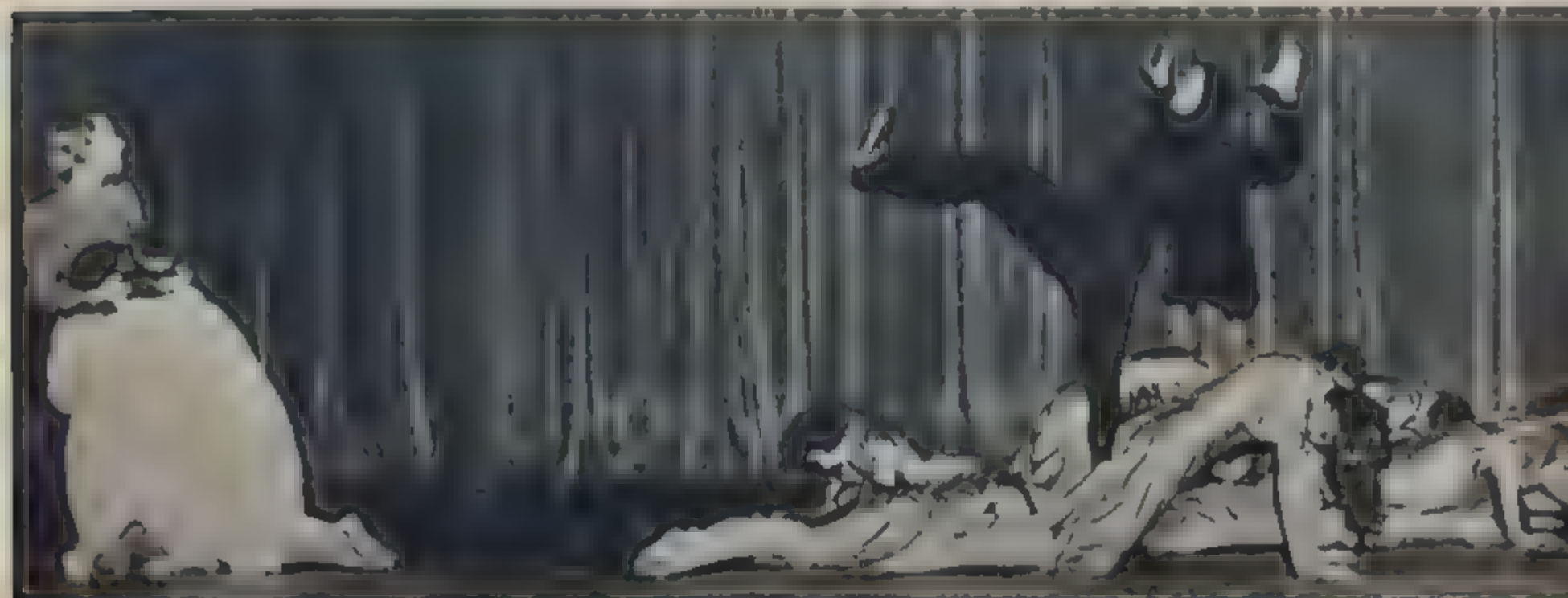
Six years ago, Steffi Nossen, teacher of modern dance, founded the Workshop in Westchester County, N.Y. It is now a co-operative group of fifty high school students from five Westchester communities and New York City. In their regular classes the young dancers learn to move smoothly and gracefully. They also learn to express their own ideas and feelings in movement without being self-conscious, and they love doing it.

This year the girls decided to interpret the Four Freedoms in dance form. First they earnestly discussed the meaning of each precious freedom; then they built their dance. It took energy and cooperation and time, but the thrill of being part of a vital group with a vital message—and of a performance in New York City—was more than rewarding.



Freedom from Want. The good earth, the sowing of the field, and the rich harvest bring a contented, abundant life. On the farm and in the factory America will find plenty, and useful work for all, so we shall not know the terror of lacking the simple necessities of life. Employment means happiness and security. The tempo of riveters and assembly lines counterpoints the rhythms of farm life to weave a pattern for the future—a pattern of all America working and dancing.

Freedom from Fear. Fear is a dark and formless thing, an unknown evil. The dance figure who symbolizes fear enters a peaceful American home and drives the mother and her two children from their happy world. All the forces of evil enter their imagination and make them helpless against destruction and domination. Only youth, who can say, "We are not afraid," can liberate these fear-haunted people, and bring them back to a world of hope and light and goodness.



The group, all on stage together, rehearse the final surging March of Freedom. The triumphant march of the rising generation proclaims the courage of youth to face danger and adversity, the will to overcome all barriers, to build a better

and a freer world. So the dance of "The Four Freedoms" ends, but the Teen-Age Dance Workshop looks ahead to new programs, and to the time when many other teen-agers in America will find the same satisfaction in modern dance



in the "Teentimer" Contest!



Maryn Weathers and I and Weathers dreamed up these prize-winning costumes, the prizes are from Eleanor Jackson and Jeon Tomba. The "Latin Life" is available at the store in America, in two four combinations of Aqua and Luggage Gold and Kelly Tan and Red at about \$9. "Swingara" comes in Shelby's Super Chief and Remond with checked taffeta. Colors: Red, Kelly, Pastel, Blue and Gold at about \$9. Teen sizes 8 to 16.

THE FATHER OF WINNERS

THE WINNERS

DESIGN AND NAME IT CONTEST

[illegible]

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ORIGINA

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 Lynchburg, Va. C M Guggenheimer
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 M. Walker Wis. Ed Schuster & Co
 Mobile Ala. C J Gayler Co.
 Muncie Ind. Wall Store
 Nashville, Tenn. Casner Knott
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 New Castle Pa. New Castle D & Co
 New Haven, Conn. Ham, Han & Co
 New London Conn. Juvenile Shoppes
 New Orleans La. O M Nolting Co.
 Newport News Va. Machman's
 New York N Y. Gabel Bros.
 Norfolk Neb. The First
 North Platte Neb. O'Connor's
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Par s Ill Jones of Par s
Pasadena Cal Broadway Pasadena
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Pittsburgh Pa Rosenbaum Co.
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Pontiac Mich Walter's Inc
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Poughkeepsie N Y Harry's Vault
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Providence R I Cherry & Webb Co
Reading Pa Pomeroy's
Richmond Cal Worman's
Riverside Va & McHenry mus Co.
Rochester N Y McCurdy Co
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Sag Harbor N Y J Nat Shoppes

21 Louis, Mo., Famous & Barr Co.
 21 Paul Munn, Field & Clark Ins.
 24 Shury Md., Gen. Munn's
 24 Lakes City, Utah 2 C M I
 San Antonio Tex., Joske Bros.
 San Carlos Cal., Wardrobe
 San Francisco Cal., The Emporium
 San Jose Cal., La Verne Shop
 San Leandro Cal., Donkey
 Santa Barbara, Cal., Andrew's
 Schenectady, N. Y., Wallace Bros.
 S. Oatsford A. A. E. S. Ho. 11
 Scranton Pa., Glendon Simpson Co.
 Seattle Wash., Ben Marcha
 Sharon, Pa., Sharon Store Co.
 Shelbyville W. Va., H. C. Piansky Co.
 Shreveport La., Davidson Bros.
 Springfield Mass., Forbes & Wallace
 State College Pa., Children's Shop
 Steam Lake Is., Green's
 Syracuse N. Y., C. E. Chappell & Sons
 Tacoma, Wash., Rhodes Bros.

Tampa Fla., Mass. Sigs.
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 Terre Haute, Ind Schuller & Co
 Toledo Ohio Lamson Bros Co
 Tulsa Okla., Brown-Dunham O & Co
 Utica N Y, Berger's Dept Store
 Washington, D C Necht Co
 Washington Pa., Cassner's Dept.
 Store
 Waterloo, Ia., Joe. Black P & Co.
 Wheeling W Va. Stone & Thomas
 Wichita Kans Geo. Jones Co.
 Wilkes Barre Pa., Pomeroy's
 Wilmington Del. Bradman's
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BOB NOLAN
and the SONS OF
THE PIONEERS

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MOVIES of the Month

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS
Movie Editor

1—Roddy McDowell hopes to make his horse a racer in "Thunderhead, Son of Flicka." But the white stallion from the valley in the clouds challenges the wild blood in Thunderhead more than cheering throngs at race tracks. (20th C-Fox)

2—Bob Hope is the pirate and Virginia Mayo the princess in "The Princess and the Pirate," wackiest and least scary pirate tale you ever laughed through. (RKO)

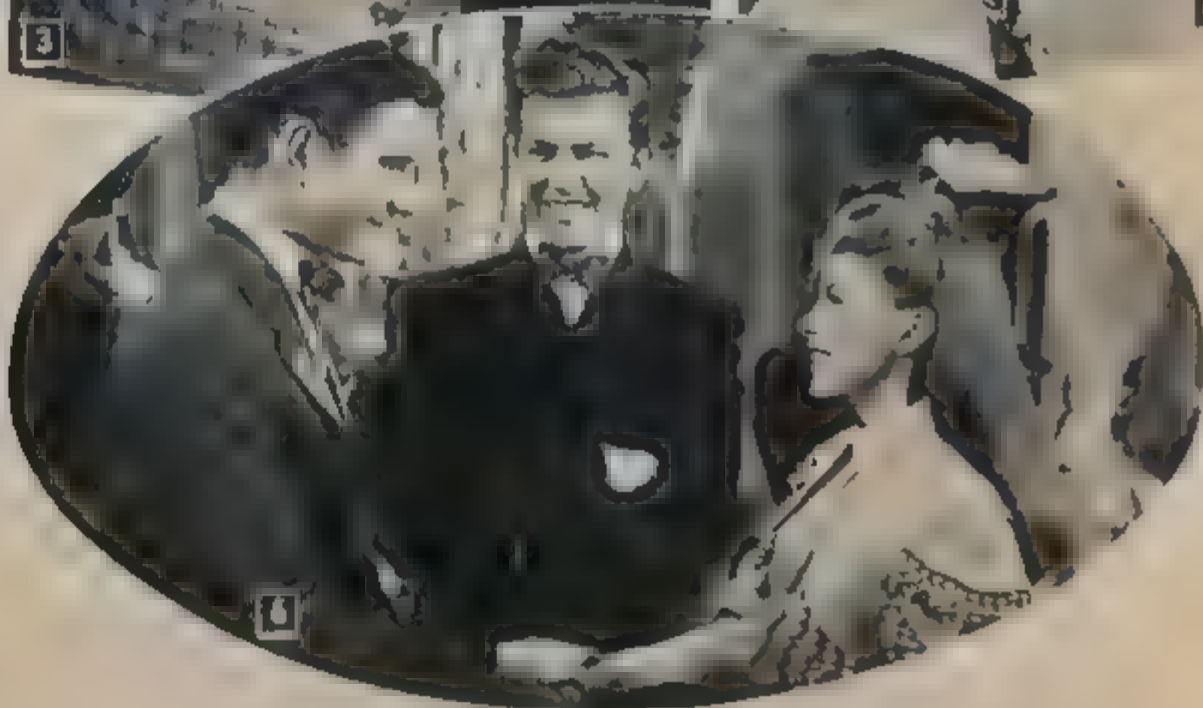
3—Mickey Rooney and Elizabeth Taylor plan how to win the sweepstakes in "National Velvet," racing story with English family life background. (MGM)

4—Dresses and hats thrown down as distress signals, only their lacy slips to keep them warm, Diana Lynn and Gail Russell are terrified at spending the night locked out on a cathedral parapet in "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay." (Para.)

5—Mary Lee, Ruth Terry, Cheryl Walker are as lovely in "Three Little Sisters" as any family could wish, though Cheryl is a wheel-chair invalid. When the soldier with whom she has been having a V-mail romance comes to visit, she is afraid of his disillusion, so she trades names with Ruth and the fairy tale begins! (Rep)

6—Judy Garland needs no introduction in "Meet Me in St. Louis," but Tom Drake (left) is new enough on the screen to be the big, wonderful surprise of many a girl's year. Out of sight, but not far long, is Margaret O'Brien, Judy's scrappy kid sister and a scene stealer. (MGM)

7—Peggy Ann Garner got the coveted role of Francie in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" because of her splendid acting as the girl Jane Eyre. Ted Donaldson is Nealey and Dorothy McGuire leaves young Claudia far behind her to play their courageous mother, Katy Nolan. (20th C-Fox)





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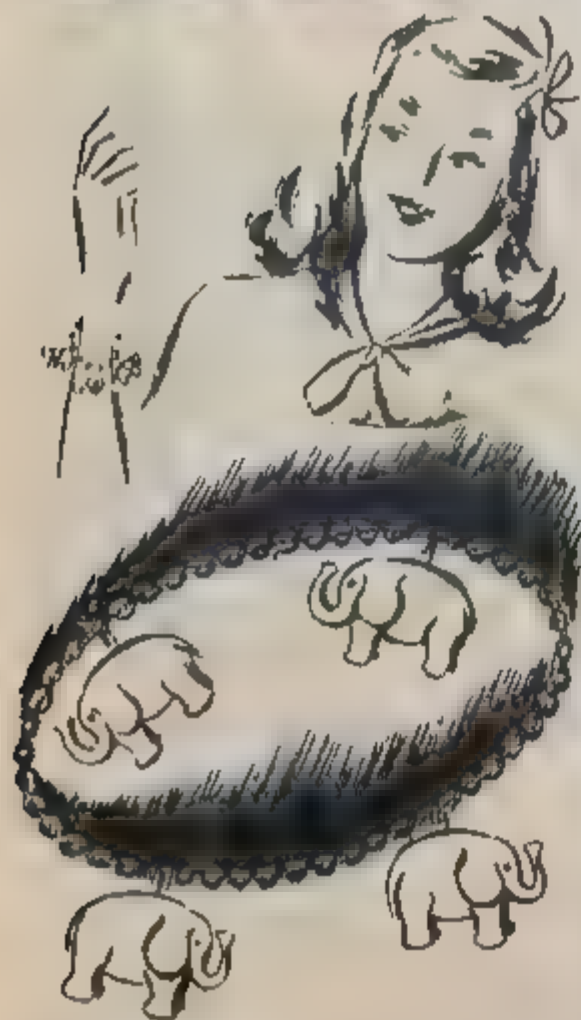
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School Belles

By MARTHA ROSS

JUST WHAT is the opening of school to you? Is it the beginning of a beautiful dream—a dream that this may be your year to shine? Or is it a nightmare—a day full of bogies and horrors?

The dream's the thing if you're an old-timer coming back to the fold, to friendships already made, to a place that is secure and known.

But it may be a nightmare if you're a newcomer, a know-not in the land of the know-alls. So, you of the dreams and the hopes, how about being a real dream-girl, a chaser of bogies, a destroyer of horrors? It's easy to do, for instance . . .



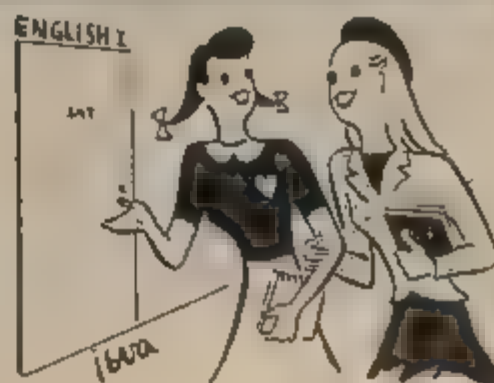
LOOK at poor little new girl, stranded in a sea of happy people who swarm about her but don't seem to see her at all. This strange invisibility will probably deflate new girl's bump of self-confidence for months, leaving her forlorn and unable to let the crowd in on her special interests and talents.

BUT LOOK at her now! New girl is a new girl, all smiling and gay just because someone said, "How do you do! I'm Sue. Who are you?" Or words to that effect. Anyway, new girl was introduced, which is the best beginning for any friendship. Now she can begin to feel that she really belongs in your world.



HOLD ON—what have we here? A couple of girls who've decided sight unseen that new girl isn't their type. But how, we ask you, can they know when they haven't given her a chance? Someone once said something about not judging a book by its cover—and those are still words of wisdom.

ONE OF THE first bits of instruction new girl will want is architecture, especially the location of her particular classrooms—something you can give in one easy lesson. Don't forget to point out points of interest, like the lunchroom! It's a good time to show off some of your school's special attractions, too.





AND WHEN it comes to lunch, be the new girl. This would be a good time to point out those who were new girls not so long ago. It will encourage her to note that you could not tell the difference unless you knew

ANOTHER DAY and all the ones to follow come along for you and new girl, too. You've met her, don't forget her. Be sure to take time for hellos and good mornings. It takes more than a day to make new girl feel at home.



GOING new girl's way home? Hitch along! Find out what makes her tick and how that ticking will fit in with the clockwork of your school. You may discover a new basketball forward or jive pianist for the club informals!



SO NOW do you expect a halo? No, this routine doesn't pay off that way. Sure, you were a nice kid, but turn about is fair play. You'll get your pat on the back when the day comes that you too need a friendly helping hand.

Have a Coca-Cola = Eat, drink and enjoy yourself



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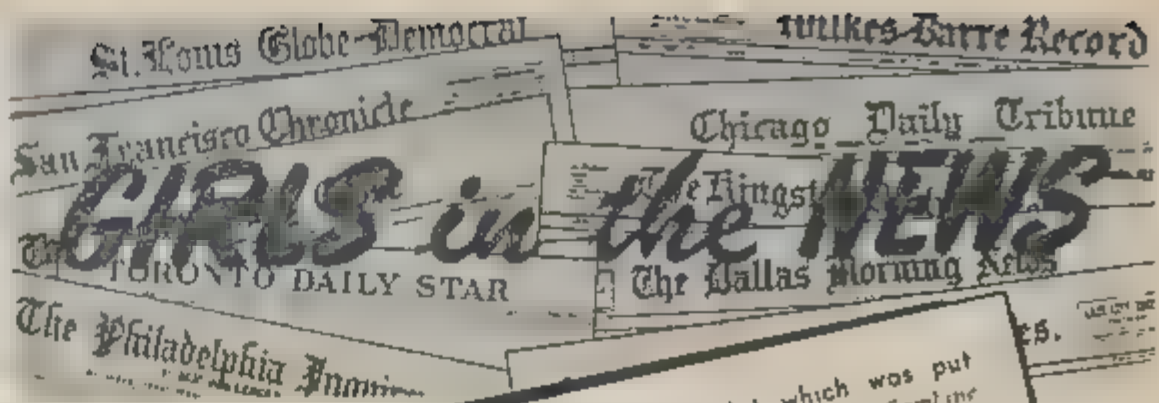
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- 1—Audience reaction. Sam Glantz off of the CALLING ALL GIRLS art staff impresses Marilyn Chu with the makings of a comic strip. *Paul Parker Photo*
- 2—Ohio up. Clare Davis, 12 a winner in the National Sewing Contest, sees her prize suit modeled. *Larry Gordon Photo*
- 3—Home abroad. British girls look at us through our Office of War Information's "Young America" exhibit which was put on in London. *British Combine*
- 4—Junior dentist. Apprentice Marie Cardanichise, helping out in New York's shortage of dental assistants, bids Phyllis Imberoni. *International News Photo*
- 5—Hello again. An alert Junior Staff Assistant at the Providence, R. I., Red Cross helps an appreciative serviceman put through an important telephone call. *Charlotte Eley Photo*



Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON

I have a great sense of humor. All my friends at school like me. But my family thinks I should be quiet and more ladylike. I'm not fresh, but Mother considers me a pest, and thinks it is rude to be comical all the time and keep everybody laughing.—Jean C., aged 13½, Massachusetts.

JEAN is fortunate in having a sense of humor. We are quite sure that her folks often take pleasure in her sense of fun, even though they want her to understand the old adage about there being a time and place for everything.

It certainly is true that one cannot be "comical all the time" and continually "keep everybody laughing." Naturally, serious matters must be attended to many times—for instance, during certain school hours, when one is doing homework or is having a sober talk with someone on an important matter, or in the course of a meeting. In other words, there is such a thing as restraint and a sense of fitness—a recognition of what is appropriate.

It is delightful to have a gift for good comebacks and to be able to say amusing, clever things; and it is commendable to be oneself. Few people like a stuffed-shirt kind of person nearly as much as a down-to-earth, frank, and unassuming one. There is also the matter

of kindness and consideration in one's remarks, as against little thoughtless jokes at others' expense. Jean does not seem to care for the latter kind, for she says she is not "fresh."

It may be that Jean's mother objects to a kind of slapstick humor that can sometimes be quite tiresome, if continued too long or indulged in too frequently; or perhaps she feels that Jean sometimes uses comedy as a sort of camouflage for shortcomings that ought to be faced seriously and constructively.

People with the gift of humor are usually wonderful companions. They themselves can find added delight in people, things, and experiences. If they use this gift to bring happiness to others as well and are careful not to draw undue attention to themselves, they are likely to be very popular.

I have lived with my grandparents since I was a year old. Since I have become a teen-ager I want to have more friends and to bring them to my home and to have small parties. But my grandparents are very against it. They keep telling me that their children never had any noisy friends around the house and they don't see why I have to be any different. I am lonely.—Betty Jane N., aged 15, Pennsylvania.

IN wanting to have friends Betty Jane is just like any other normal teen-ager, and it would be most unfortunate indeed if she did not have this interest in other girls and boys. It is equally important for her to learn to understand how older people feel about the social experiences of young people, and why.

It is hard for adolescents to believe that older people cannot always remember how
(Continued on page 56)

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

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RECIPE FOR YOUTH

By ROSE CARBONE
Fourteen Years Old

Bobby socks and sloppy joes,
Painted lips and lacquered toes.
Mix together like a sleuth;
Start the recipe for youth.

Add a dash of pert bow ties,
Usually worn by real fresh guys.
Gently stir with dirty cords
And add dilapidated Fords.

Charm bracelets and friendship
rings,
Popular community sings.
Boys and girls dance round like
flies,
Then add a few Sinatra sighs.

Moron jokes and Mairzy Doots,
Short assemblies and passing notes.
Flavor with a touch of sports,
Mix with sweat shirts and flashy
shorts.

School is added to our lives,
Junior proms and War Bond drives.
Girls in formals: pinks and blues.
Rationed meat and rationed shoes.

Stir in with a little jive—
Might as well add the basketball
five.
Boogie-woogie peps this dish,
Still not rationed are fun and fish.

Chop a pair of wooden clogs,
Add a pair of wornout dogs.
Stir in slowly with a knitted shawl
And a sound record of "Paper
Doll."

Pleated skirts and fluffy hair.
Leave out driving and the county
fair.
Sprinkle with some luscious stars
Such as Grables and Lamarrs.

Never mind the rationed stuff.
We of youth are getting tough.
Beat this all into a bowl
And add a patriotic soul.

Cream loyalty with love and pride
Add '44's youth to our side.
Serve any time that is desired
And we'll be set to be fired.

How about a phonograph
Or a nice Red Skelton laugh?
Broken nose and busted tooth
End the recipe for youth.

LITTLE INDIAN

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD MINNIE SPOTTED-WOLF, FULL-BLOODED BLACKFOOT INDIAN FROM MONTANA, DID A MAN'S JOB BEFORE THE WAR. NOW SHE'S TAKING A MAN'S PLACE IN THE UNITED STATES MARINES

AFTER SHE GRADUATED FROM HIGH SCHOOL, MINNIE TOOK OVER THE STRENUOUS WORK OF MANAGING HER FATHER'S RANCH IN NORTHWEST MONTANA. ONE WINTER...

LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER BLIZZARD MINNIE.

IF IT KEEPS UP TH'S WAY, WE'LL BE SNOW-BOUND, FATHER.

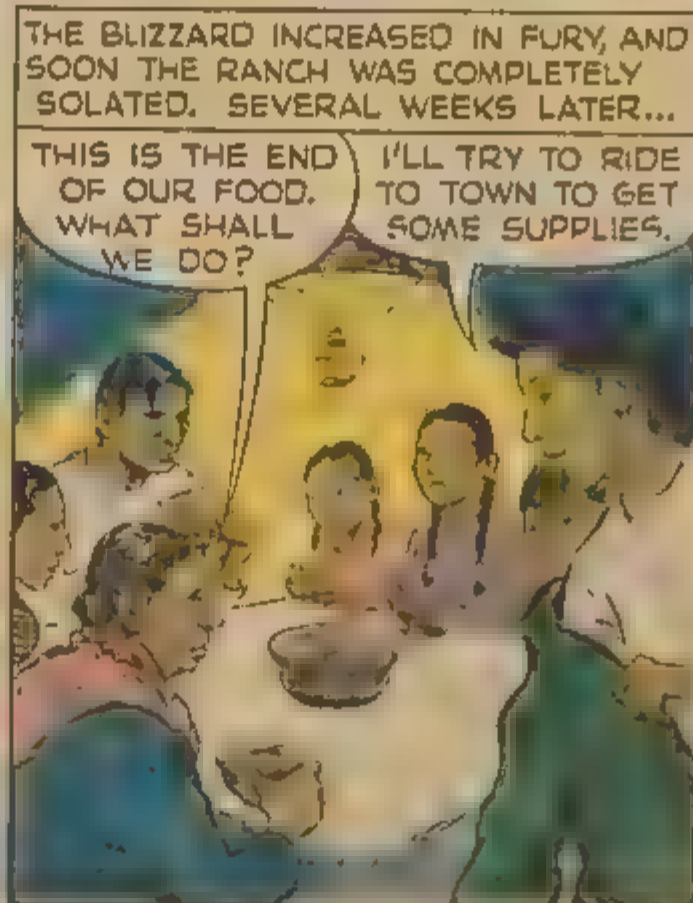
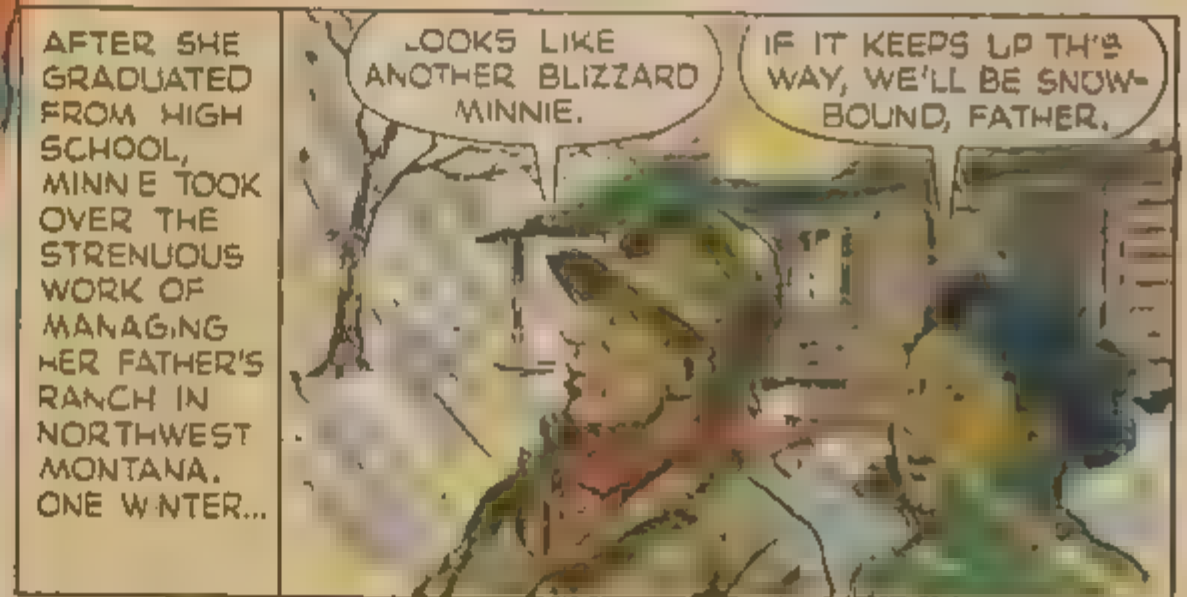
THE BLIZZARD INCREASED IN FURY, AND SOON THE RANCH WAS COMPLETELY SOLATED. SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...

THIS IS THE END OF OUR FOOD. WHAT SHALL WE DO?

I'LL TRY TO RIDE TO TOWN TO GET SOME SUPPLIES.

BUT, MINNIE, THE SNOW IS FOUR AND FIVE FEET DEEP!

I'M LIGHT ENOUGH SO THE HORSE CAN CARRY ME THROUGH THOSE DR FTS.



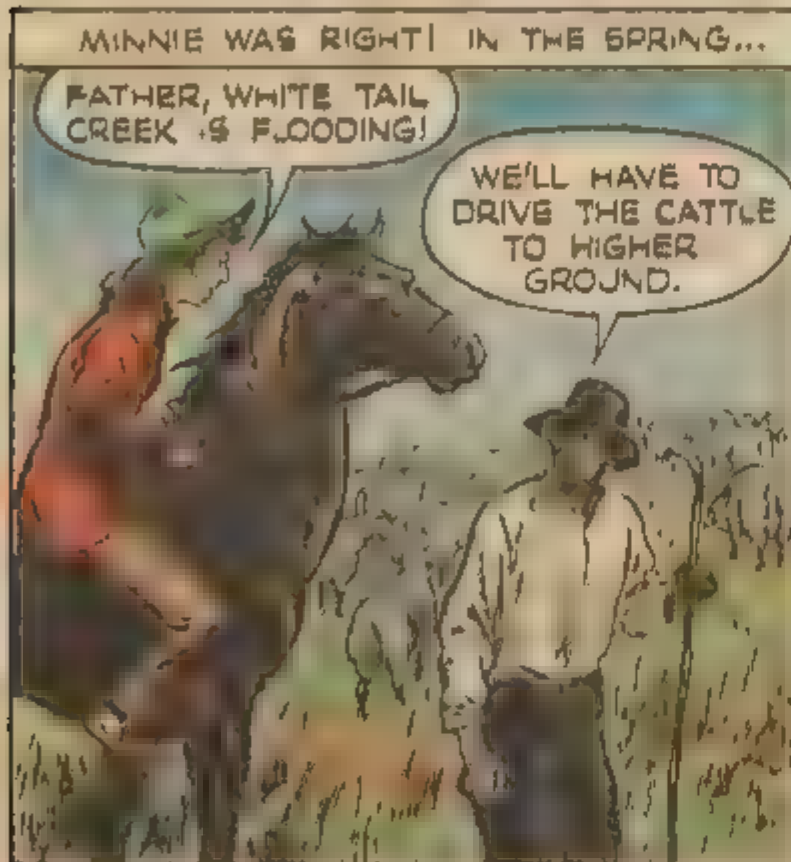


COME ON, HORSE, WE HAVE TO GET THROUGH OR THE WHOLE FAMILY WILL STARVE!



AFTER A LONG, DANGEROUS TRIP... MINNIE! THANK GOODNESS, YOU'RE SAFE!

YES, WE'RE SAFE NOW UNTIL THIS SNOW THAWS IN THE SPRING. THEN WE'RE IN FOR MORE TROUBLE.



MINNIE WAS RIGHT! IN THE SPRING...

FATHER, WHITE TAIL CREEK IS FLOODING!

WE'LL HAVE TO DRIVE THE CATTLE TO HIGHER GROUND.



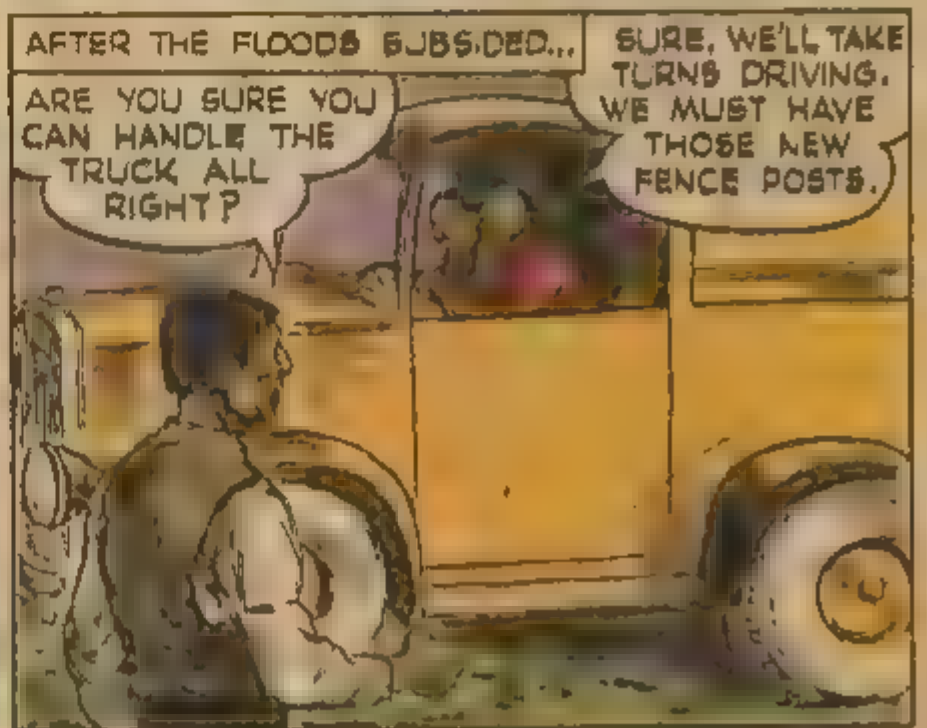
THE STOCK WILL BE DRY HERE.

BUT, LOOK, MINNIE!



WHY, THE CORRAL HAS WASHED AWAY!

WE GOT THE ANIMALS OUT JUST IN TIME.



AFTER THE FLOODS SUBSIDED... ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN HANDLE THE TRUCK ALL RIGHT?

SURE, WE'LL TAKE TURNS DRIVING. WE MUST HAVE THOSE NEW FENCE POSTS.

ON THE WAY BACK WITH THEIR LOAD.

ISN'T THE NEW BEAUTIFUL, MINNIE?

YES, BUT STEEP. YOU'D BETTER SHIFT INTO SECOND, SIS.

GOOD GOSH! YOU'VE PUT IT IN REVERSE!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MINNIE?

I'LL DO, BUT I LIKE THE VIEW BETTER FROM UP ABOVE.

EARLY IN 1943...

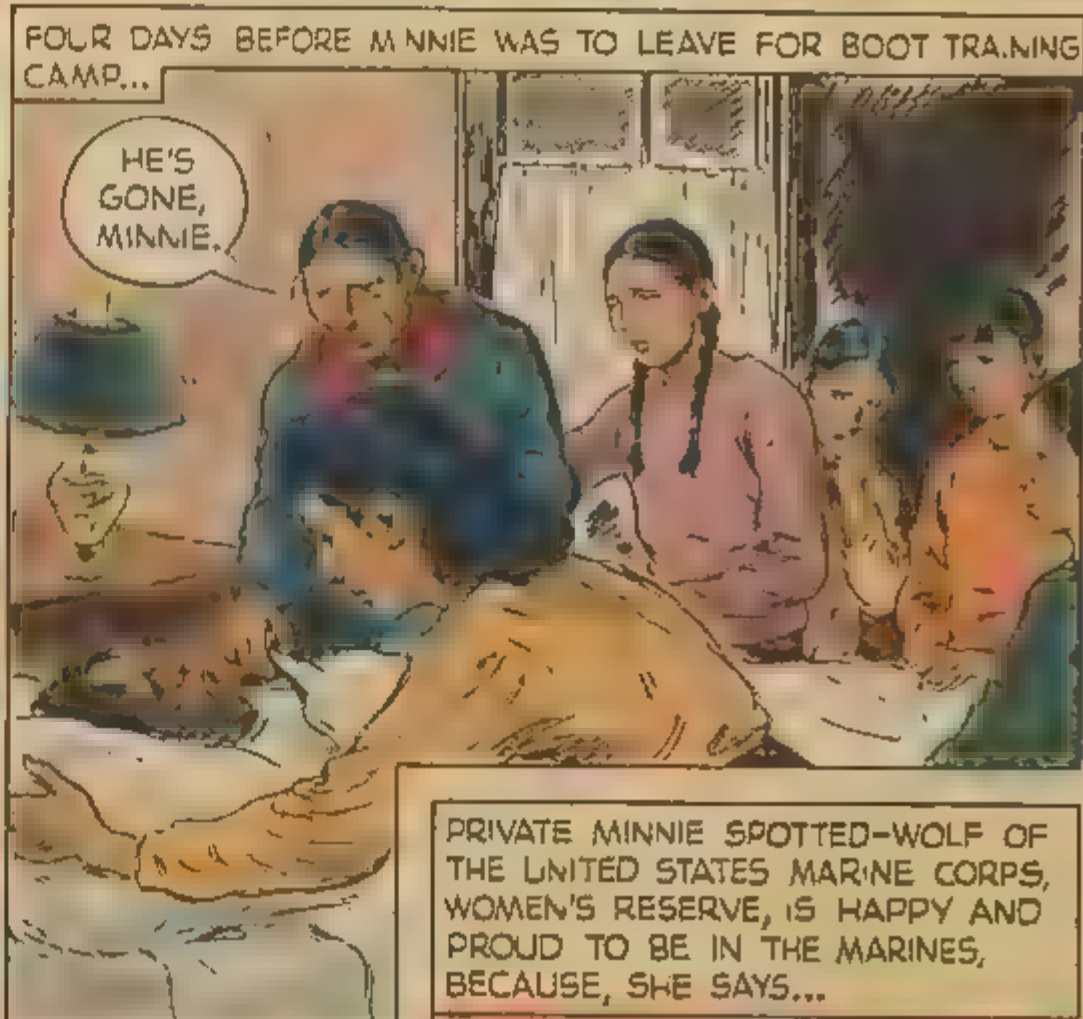
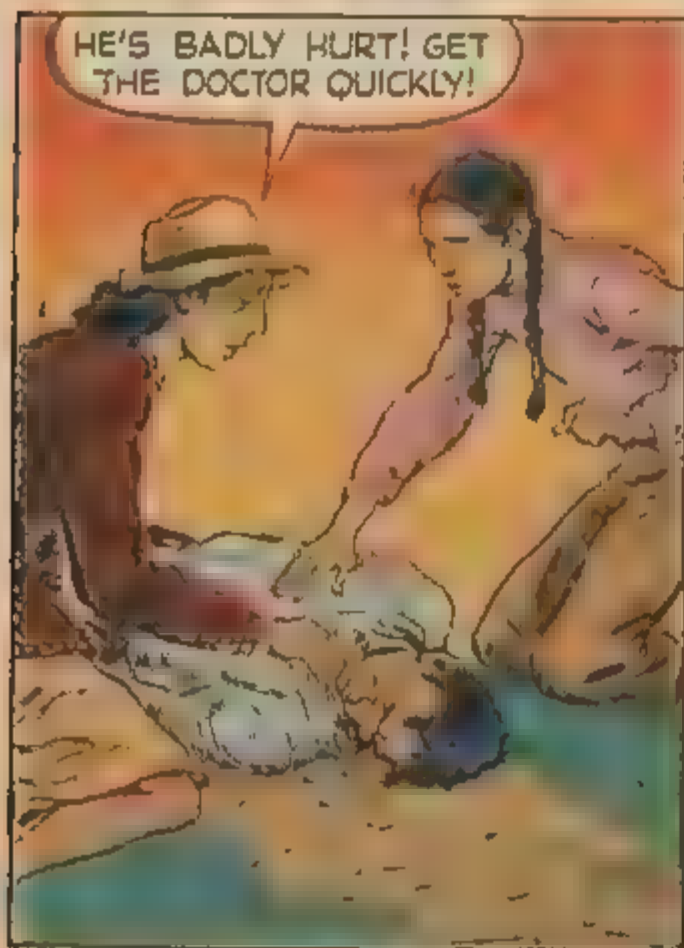
SIS, FOR A LONG TIME I'VE BEEN WANTING TO JOIN THE MARINES. BUT MAYBE I'M NEEDED MORE HERE.

IF YOU WANT TO GO, WE CAN GET ALONG ALL RIGHT WITHOUT YOU, MINNIE.

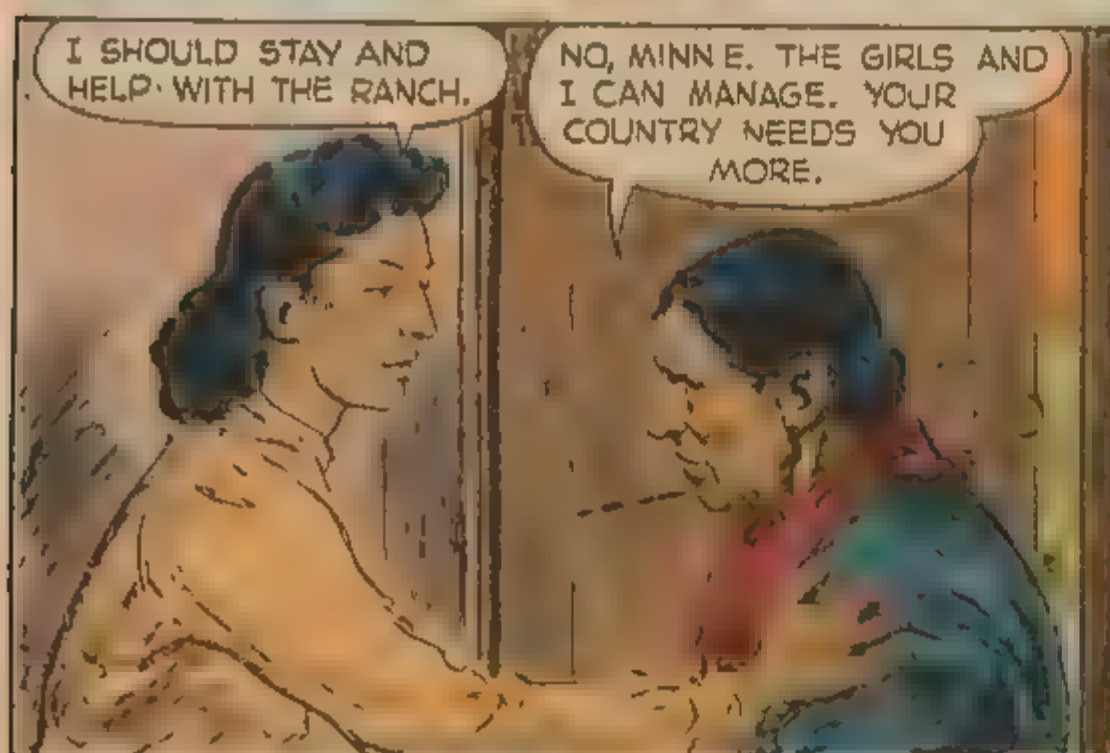
MINNIE APPLIED TO THE MARINE RESERVE; SHORTLY AFTERWARD...

SIS, I'M IN! I'VE ENLISTED.

OH MINNIE, THAT'S WONDERFUL! LET'S TELL FATHER. HE'S OVER AT THE CORRAL BREAKING A NEW HORSE.



PRIVATE MINNIE SPOTTED-WOLF OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS, WOMEN'S RESERVE, IS HAPPY AND PROUD TO BE IN THE MARINES, BECAUSE, SHE SAYS...



The Jade Goddess

Several strange prowlers tested Kaye's courage and quick wits that rainy night, but she proved Bim wrong and earned a reward

By DOROTHY MAYWOOD BIRD

The Story Up to Now

Kaye Loring and her guest, Cynthia U. Bright, had had a disturbing day at the summer home which the Loring had bought from Captain Pascoe's aunt, to whom he had left his estate after a quarrel with his nephew, Sherman Pascoe. They couldn't tell the scornful boys Chuck Loring and Bim Hawkins, about the face at the tower window, the locked doors, or the gigantic figure which had locked them into the secret room. As Kaye went to sleep she thought of the lost Jade Goddess. She awoke to hear stealthy footsteps under her balcony window. Nervous herself to action, Kaye crept toward the balcony.

THE screen door creaked as Kaye inched it open just enough to let herself through sideways. What if the intruder waiting in the darkness below had a gun? Worse, what if he'd already started to climb the tree and should meet her just as she reached the balcony railing? She hugged her bathrobe tighter to shut out the night chill, crept to the railing and peered over.

Someone was kneeling on the damp ground by the downspout. He was sweeping a dim flashlight back and forth close to the earth, scraping away pebbles.

"There," came a hoarse whisper, "what do you make of those tracks? It's a timber wolf, I tell you. Woke me up, snuffing around the juniper. When I threw a stick, it slunk off toward the house. Tracks are

thick leading back into the woods along the gully."

"Well," came the equally hoarse, excited reply, "I've got the big flashlight and all the guns I could scare up. Here, you take Dad's deer rifle. Doesn't kick like the revolver."

"Think of the publicity," the first voice hissed. "I bet we make all the papers. Then what'll Kaye have to say?"

"Well," the other muttered, "let's get going."

The two flashlights, one bright, one dim, picked up the tracks, bobbed across the yard, and entered the forest.

Kaye's blood tingled. She

drew in a sharp breath. So that was it. A wolf hunt! Chuck and Bim trailing a timber wolf! And she left behind. She couldn't let that happen. She'd get Cynthia and they'd go along. Then she remembered. Cynthia slept like a stone. It would take at least three minutes' shaking to rouse her. By that time they could never catch up with the boys. No, if she wanted to be in on this, she'd have to go it alone. And hurry! Already the flashlights had shrunk to stars back in the woods.

Kaye climbed the balcony railing, swung herself off on the pine branch, slid down the tree. With bedroom slippers flapping, she raced across the yard, plunged into the forest after those wispish lights. Dead branches grasped her hair with skeleton fingers, Mosquitoes at-

Kaye stepped on a boulder and splashed into the icy water.



tacked her. Briars clawed her bare ankles. Spider webs broke across her face. Her bathrobe caught on a stump, jerked her back so hard her teeth clicked.

She got to her feet, stumbled on. She couldn't afford to lose sight of those flashlights. The ground underfoot was oozy. Her bedroom slippers kept sticking in it and coming off.

She couldn't go on! They were going so fast that she couldn't catch up. Their lights were getting fainter and fainter. She'd have to go back. That was it. Back!

She turned, but the black woods closed in like a wall. If she tried to go back now, she'd be lost. And suppose that, lost, she met the wolf!

With madly beating heart, she whirled around, pushed through the brush toward those fast disappearing lights. Somehow she'd have to catch up with Chuck and Bim.

The chance came when the boys lost the trail. Kaye found them beside a brook, hid herself behind a rock. Chuck sat hunched over on a stump. The butt of a revolver protruded from his hip pocket. On the opposite bank Bim crashed back and forth, his flashlight trained on the ground.

"It's no use." Chuck swatted mosquitoes viciously. "No telling how far downstream we'd have to go to pick up those tracks. Besides, it's getting ready to storm. We'd better get back while the getting's good."

"What kind of G-Men does that make us?" Bim retorted. "First time the scent gets cold, we turn tail!" He was silent, then, "Wait—what'd I tell you! It's over here clear as anything. All you have to do is follow me."

Reluctantly Chuck left his stump, slid down the bank, splashed across the brook through water halfway up to his knees.

Kaye waited until he was safely across; then she scrambled down to the stream's edge. She stepped on a slimy boulder, went down with a splash, found herself sitting in ice water up

to her waist. Some sleuth!

"Hey!" Chuck yelled, "Bim, did you hear something?" He dashed back, trained his light on the water while Kaye crouched trembling.

"Probably deer," Bim said. "They're awfully clumsy. But take wolves. They just slink."

"All the same," Chuck complained, "I don't like the feeling of something I can't see tagging along behind me."

That worried Kaye. She'd have to be even more careful. She waited until they were a safe distance ahead.

These woods were more open. She didn't stumble so much, and there wasn't any underbrush to crawl through. In fact, she seemed to be following a sort of path.

Then without warning Chuck stopped. "Hey, I've been here before!" he exclaimed. "It's—why, it's that cut-off from the Big Bay road to Tiosh's shack."

Bim doubled over, swept the ground with his light. "Yep, that's where we are, and that's where the tracks lead. Do you suppose—it's—after Tiosh's cow?" His voice shook with excitement. "Have your gun ready. We may be too late."

They hurried forward, Chuck panting after Bim, Kaye close on his heels. Suddenly she had to sneeze. She had to. She pressed her finger hard on her upper lip to deaden the sound, but it only made things worse. When the sneeze came, it burst out like a snarl.

Chuck and Bim both wheeled. She had barely time to duck behind a tree before they were after her.

"There he is," Chuck whispered. "Been following me all along. Deer, my eye. Deer don't snarl!"

Kaye's heart turned over. The boys were coming straight toward her now, their flashlights full upon the tree. In another minute they'd find her. When they found her, she'd never hear the end of it. Never. She held her breath, braced herself for what was coming. Then she froze.

There, not thirty feet beyond her beside the shed where Tiosh

kept his cow, she saw two glowing eyes, two balls of fire. Wolf eyes. Chuck saw them, too, and in his excitement dropped his flash. Kaye heard it clatter down on the stones.

"Get ready," Bim's whisper sounded shaky. "Aim. When I say 'fire,' fire."

Unarmed, Kaye scrambled up the tree. Below her, Chuck and Bim waited tense, taking careful aim.

"Fire!" Bim shouted

Triggers clicked, but there was no explosion. Then, with mounting horror, Kaye remembered. Her father wouldn't have loaded guns around the house, always emptied out the cartridges after target practice. And in his excitement Chuck had forgotten to reload.

The wolf crouched, quivered, made ready to spring. Kaye tried to get down the tree, but her bathrobe caught. The wolf's great body flashed through the darkness, landed on Chuck. There was a confusion of shouts, snarls, whines. Bim was there, too, trying to tear the beast away from Chuck's throat.

Suddenly Kaye heard Chuck exclaim, "Hey, Bim. He's licking me." And then, "Down, sir! Down, I say!"

Bim's answer when it came was sheepish. "Well, what do you know about that!"

Chuck had found his flashlight, turned it full on the monster. And Kaye, still caught and invisible up in the tree, had to stuff the corner of her bathrobe into her mouth to keep from laughing out loud. It wasn't a wolf at all. It was Tiosh's big dog.

Chuck stuck the revolver back in his pocket, confronted Bim. "Well I'll be ham-swiggled. Of all the scramble-brained amoebas, you and I are it!"

"Chuck," there was real anxiety in Bim's voice, "whatever we do, don't let the girls get wind of this. Cynthia isn't so bad, but you know Kaye!"

Chuck grunted.

"I bet she'd have made the same mistake," Bim pounded his dead flashlight against the

tree, trying to make it come on, "if she'd waked out of a sound sleep and seen him slinking past. Especially after all that wolf talk down by the beach fire. I bet she'd have screeched bloody murder."

"Sure," Chuck assented, "all dames are alike. We'll keep it under our hats. But we'd better be tracking it for home now. That rainstorm's going to be a honey. Here, might as well take the main road back. It's lots shorter and ten times as easy going."

Hastily Kaye let herself down out of the tree, raced after them through the rain. She couldn't wait

brought them this afternoon.

Did that cap have anything to do, Kaye wondered, with the dog's midnight visit to Juniper Lodge? Could he have been following somebody? But she didn't have any more time for wondering, because just as she

Well, Kaye would wake her up this time even if she had to throw a whole pitcher of water in her face. That about the two little red riding hoods and the big, bad wolf simply wouldn't keep till morning. She giggled at the recollection, pushed the screen door open, entered the dark passage. Then she stopped, rooted to the spot.

Someone was in the secret room! A hairline of light showed where the intruder had failed to close the panel com-



to get back to Cynthia. They'd see that the boys never heard the last of the wolf story. Wouldn't tell how they'd found out. Just call them "Little Red Riding Hood" or something like that at breakfast, and watch them turn all colors.

Chuck was right. But in spite of the driving rain, the trip back was easy going, especially after they struck the Big Bay road. The rain was making so much noise, and the boys were hurrying so, they didn't look behind once. At the forks Bim pulled a black object out of his pocket and hung it on the road sign. It must be the mysterious cap that Tiosh's dog had

Kaye tried to get down from the tree, as the wolf's great body landed on Chuck.

got into the yard a regular cloudburst started. The boys streaked it for the front of the house. Kaye shinnied up the tree, climbed over the balcony railing, splashed across to the screen door. Rain coursed down her face. Her bathrobe dripped. Her slippers squashed with every step.

Cynthia must have waked up in all this rumpus. But, no. When Cynthia slept, she slept

pletely. Kaye put her eye to the crack. A man was in the room. A big man with a lantern flashlight which he had hung on a nail. He had opened the trunk, was bending over it, fishing out something like a shoe box, tearing off the tissue-paper wrappings.

Kaye took a deep breath. Her knees were shaking so that she could scarcely stand up. She

couldn't see the man's face, but something about him made her flesh creep. He half turned, sat down on the stool, and she saw his red beard and his clawlike fingers. Fascinated, she watched him open the box, pull out a metal casket.

He pulled out a hunting knife, pried open the lid, picked up the thing that lay inside. He held the object between himself and the light. A small, green, doll-like figure, elegantly carved. It must be—it was the Jade Goddess! Kaye was sure of that even before she saw the rubies in its forehead.

The wind banged the balcony door shut, and the man sprang up. The light shone full on his face now, and for the first time Kaye saw his eyes. Cruel, unblinking, yellow eyes with tufted brows. Just like an owl. An owl! Then in one stupefying flash she recognized him. In the flesh he was even uglier than in his photograph on the captain's wall. Sherman Pascoe! He'd come all the way up from Mexico to steal the Jade Goddess.

For a full minute he stood there glaring at the panel. Could he see Kaye's eye glittering through the crack? She dared not move. Then he turned back to the trunk.

Seconds were precious now. With her heart banging in her ears, Kaye slipped into the captain's room, fumbled on the bureau for Cynthia's nail file. Then she hurried back into the corridor. Sherman Pascoe had stuffed the Goddess into his pocket, was hiding boxes and tissue, shutting the trunk.

Now was Kaye's chance. Now! Breathing fast, Kaye thrust Cynthia's nail file through the crack, pried the panel open wide enough for her to insert her fingers, wide enough to admit her whole hand. Could she do the thing she had to do before he turned? Panic seized her. What if . . . With elaborate care she reached her hand around and took hold of the

key. It stuck! There was a tell-tale click.

Sherman Pascoe wheeled. With all her strength Kaye pulled. The key simply wouldn't come. The man was ready to spring. Desperately now Kaye turned the key a little, jerked again. This time it came out. But not a second too soon. With one lunge Pascoe reached the panel. Kaye jerked her hand and the precious key away, slammed the panel shut.

Then she rushed outdoors and around to her father's room for help.

All over Juniper Lodge lights flared. Kaye Loring stood under the porch lantern watching the state troopers drag Sherman Pascoe away. In Kaye's hand was the Jade Goddess. "You've certainly earned her," Kaye's father had exclaimed proudly. "From now on she belongs to you!"

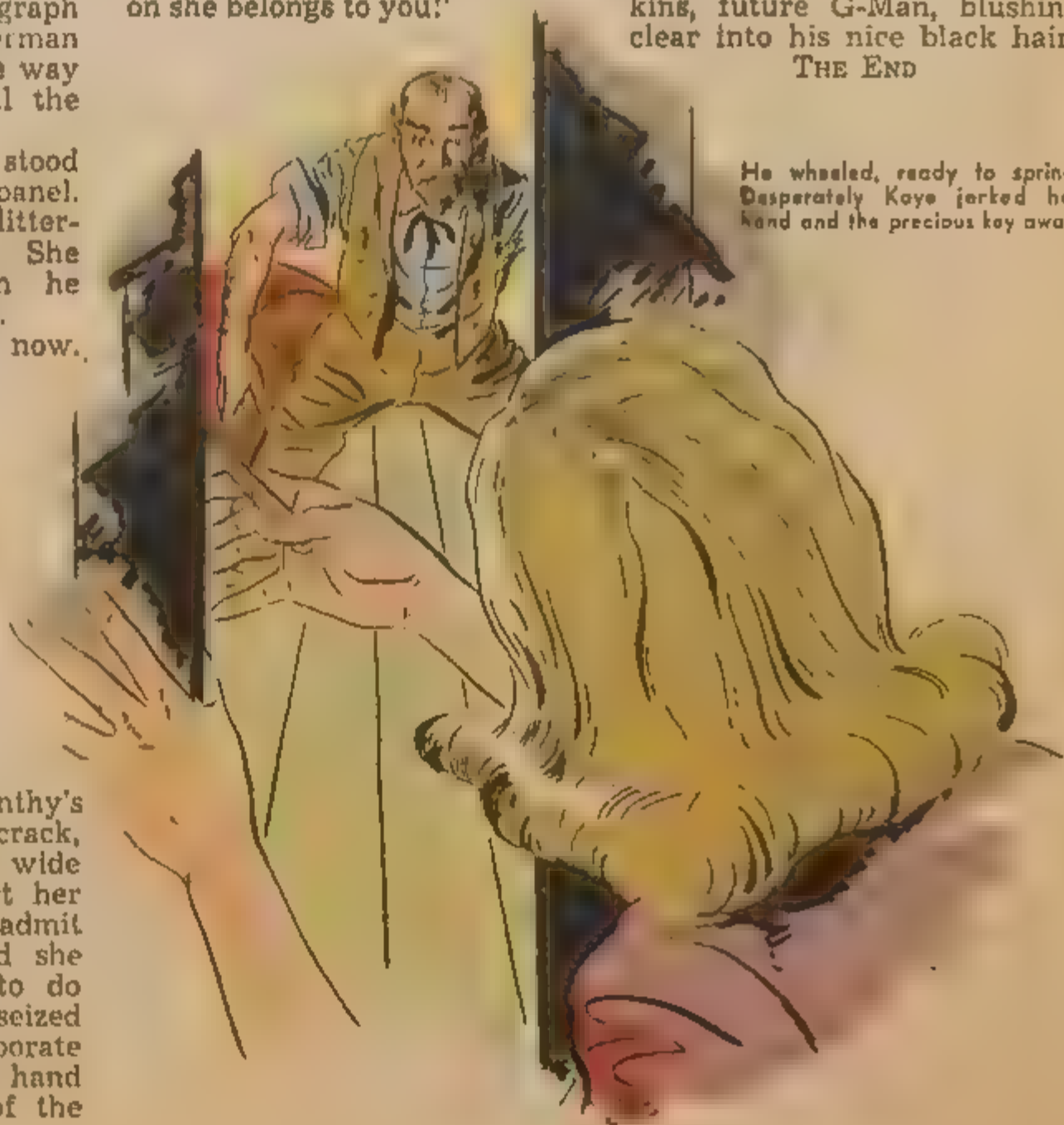
Bim Hawkins hurried up out of breath, I take that back about women losing their heads in emergencies," he panted.

Kaye was thinking hard. "So it was Sherman Pascoe's face I saw in the tower window," she decided, ignoring Bim's compliment. "It must have been his cap that Tiosh's dog found and brought to us. Douglas, Arizona, is right across the Mexican border, you know. Sherman was the one who locked the doors this afternoon so his search wouldn't be disturbed. He must have been the only one alive who knew where his uncle hid the Goddess!"

But Bim didn't seem to be following her. "And I take back what I said about your nose, too," he blurted. "Honest, I think it's cute!"

Kaye looked up at him, her hazel eyes dark with astonishment. What she saw couldn't be and yet it was—Bim Hawkins, future G-Man, blushing clear into his nice black hair!

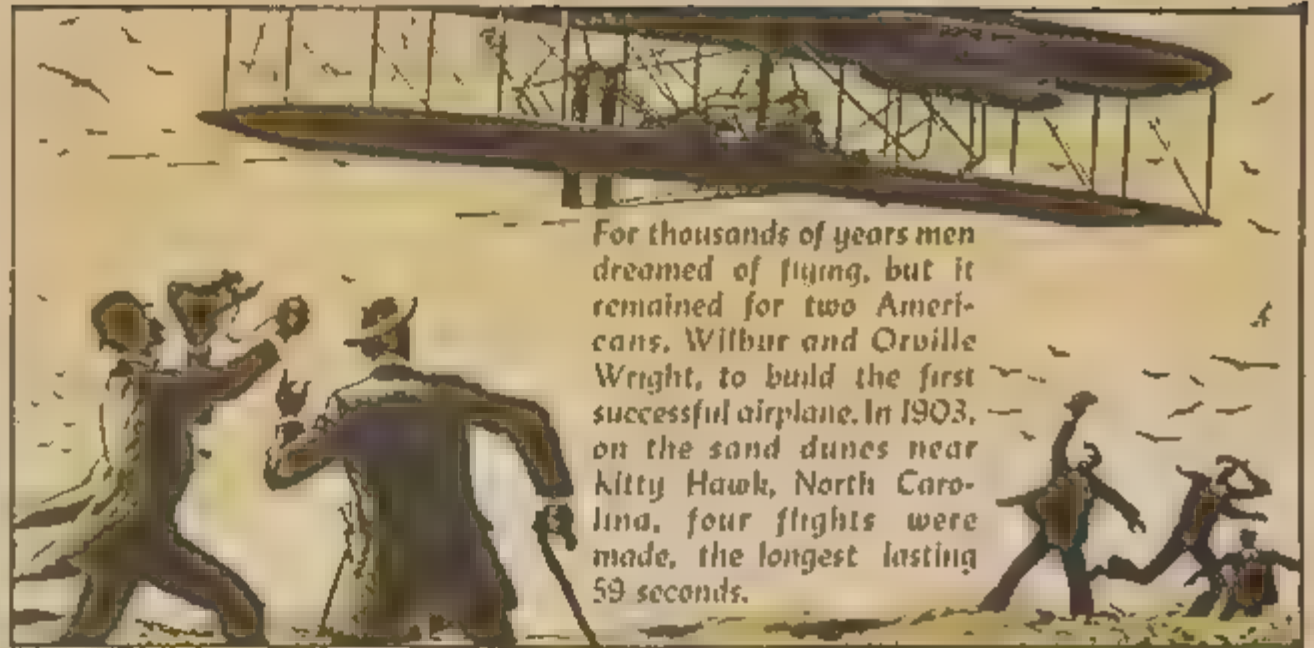
THE END



He wheeled, ready to spring. Desperately Kaye jerked her hand and the precious key away.

Bombs away-

How the flying
machine was made
a fighting machine



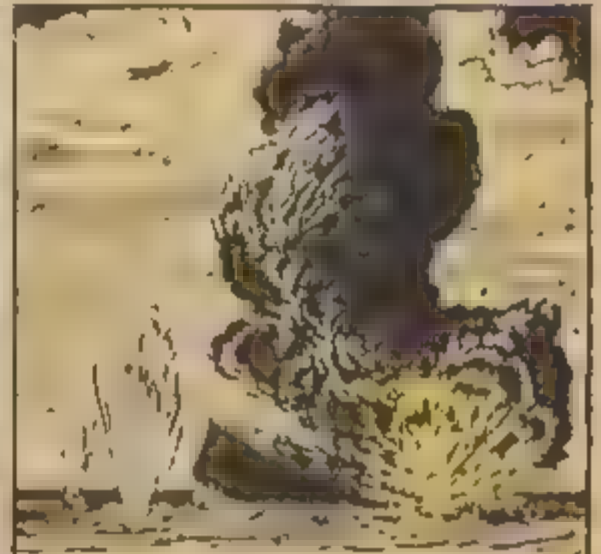
For thousands of years men dreamed of flying, but it remained for two Americans, Wilbur and Orville Wright, to build the first successful airplane. In 1903, on the sand dunes near Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, four flights were made, the longest lasting 59 seconds.



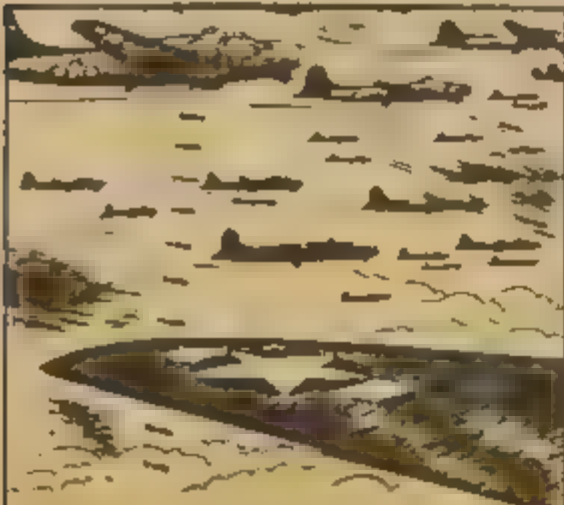
The army demanded a plane which could stay in the air a full hour, and finally got one in 1908. In 1911, the first bombing tests were made. Bombs weighed only a few pounds and were dropped by hand.



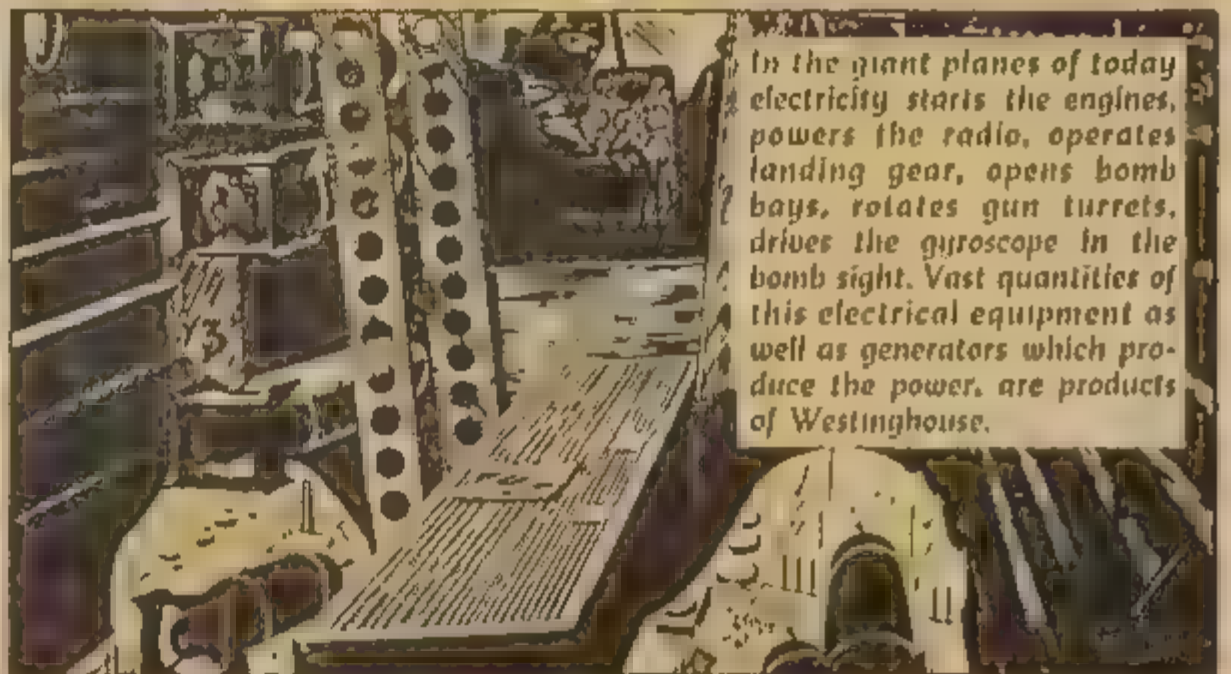
Bombing was still in its infancy in World War I, but we did have devices for fastening bombs to the under side of the plane, and releasing devices operated from inside the plane. Sighting was mostly by guess, and accuracy was poor.



Soon afterward, however, we had especially-designed planes, carrying huge bombs. In a demonstration in 1921, seven planes attacked the former German battleship "Ostfriesland" using 2000 pound bombs. Before the seventh bomb was released, the ship was helpless and sinking.



This influenced American defense plans. We began to design planes which could meet and sink an enemy fleet far out at sea, before it could bring carrier-based planes within reach of our coasts. Similar, though larger planes are battering German factories today.



In the giant planes of today electricity starts the engines, powers the radio, operates landing gear, opens bomb bays, rotates gun turrets, drives the gyroscope in the bomb sight. Vast quantities of this electrical equipment as well as generators which produce the power, are products of Westinghouse.

TUNE IN John Charles Thomas Sunday 2-30 P.M., N.B.C. — "Top of the Evening," Mon, Wed, Fri. 10:15 p.m., E.W.T., Blue Network

Would you like a large copy of this picture story for your school room? Ask your teacher to write to Picture Story CO 104, to School Service, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, 306 Fourth Avenue, P. O. Box 1017, Pittsburgh 30, Pennsylvania.

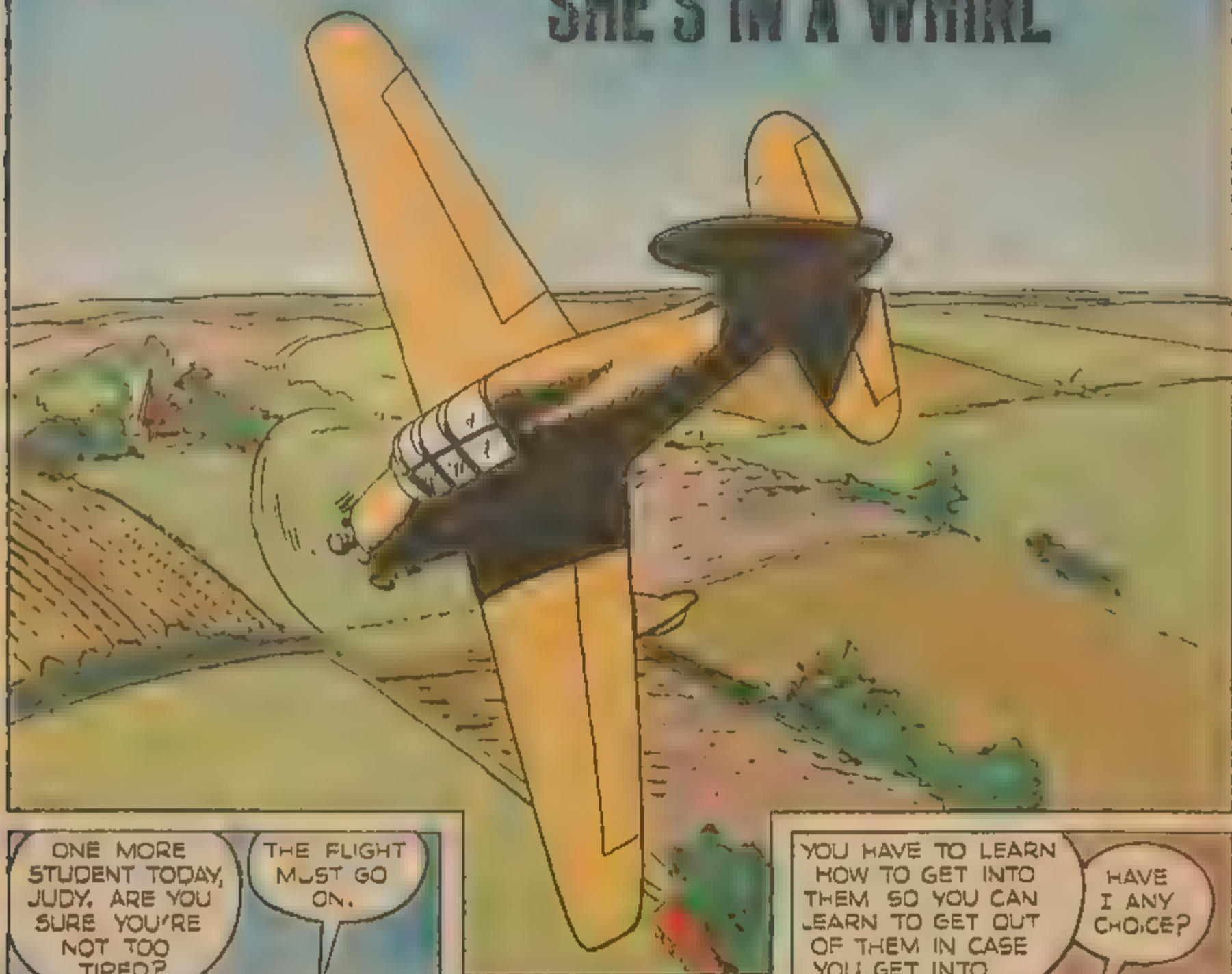
Westinghouse

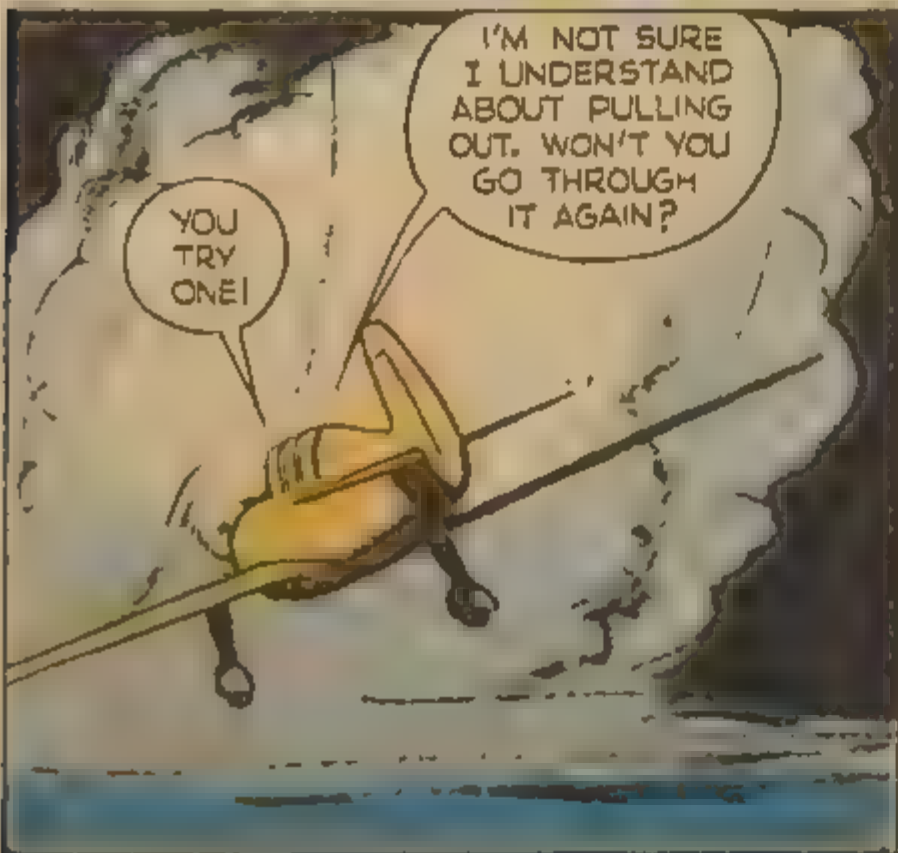
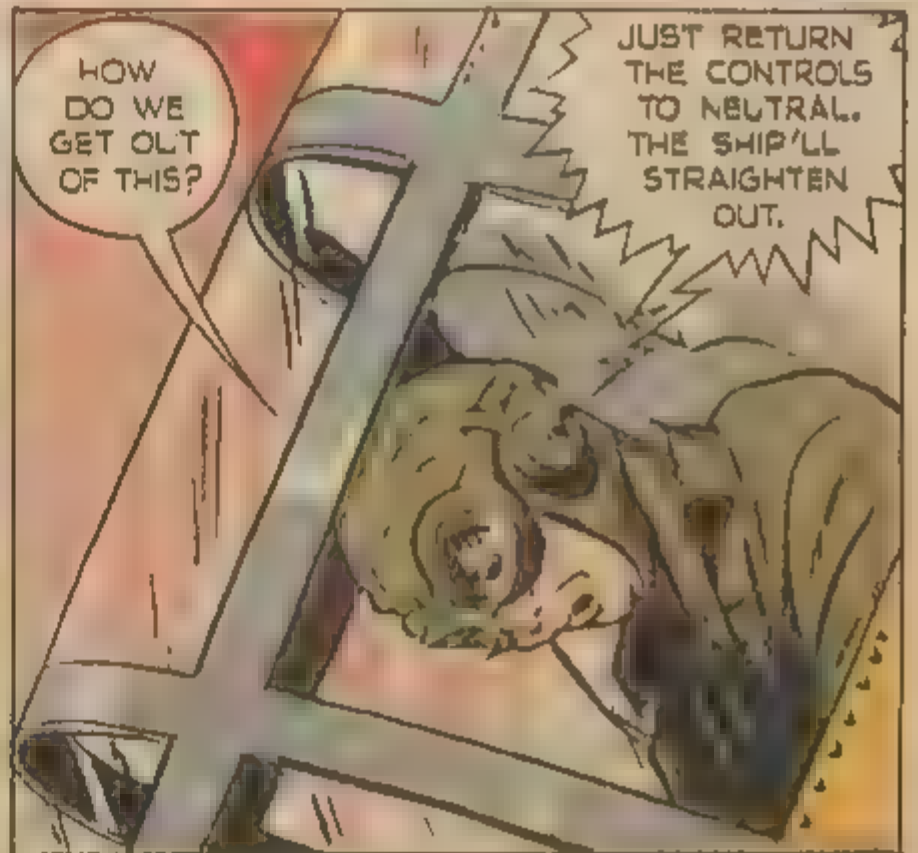
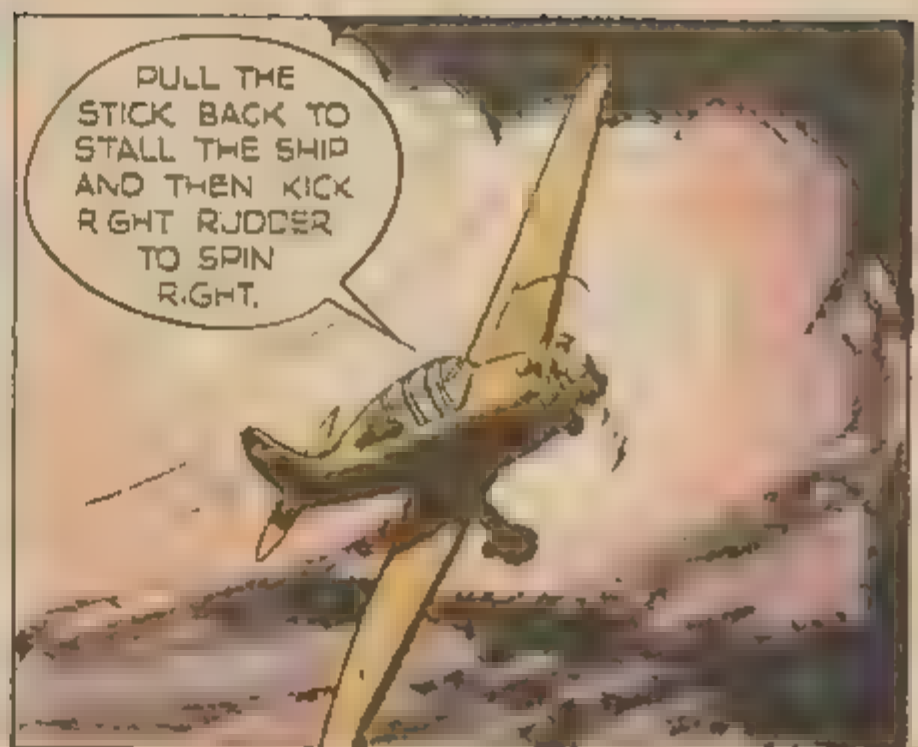
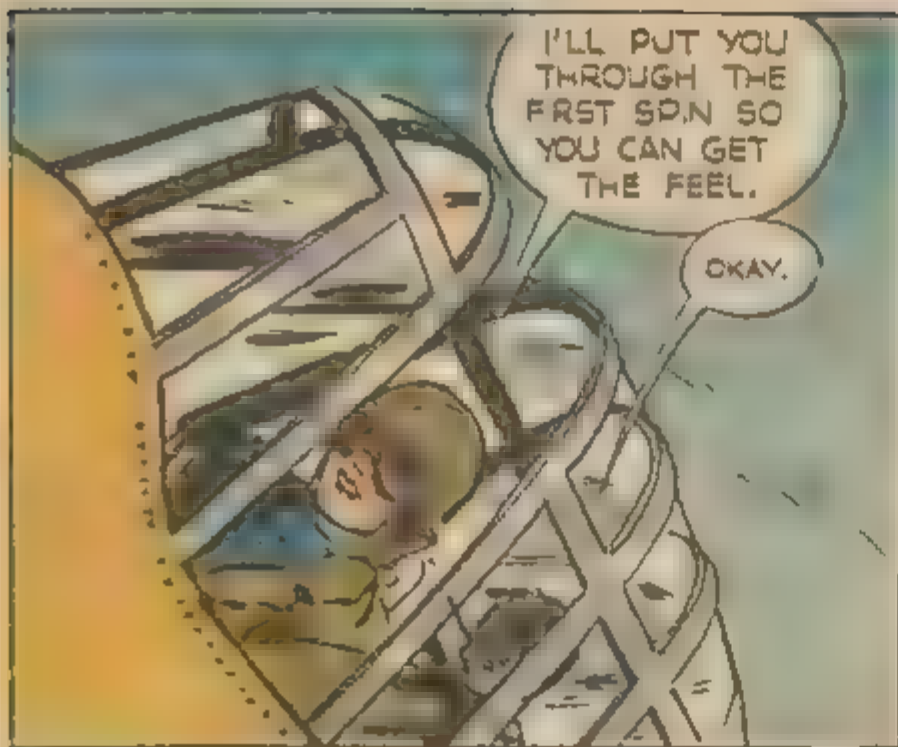
PLANTS IN 25 CITIES OFFICES EVERYWHERE

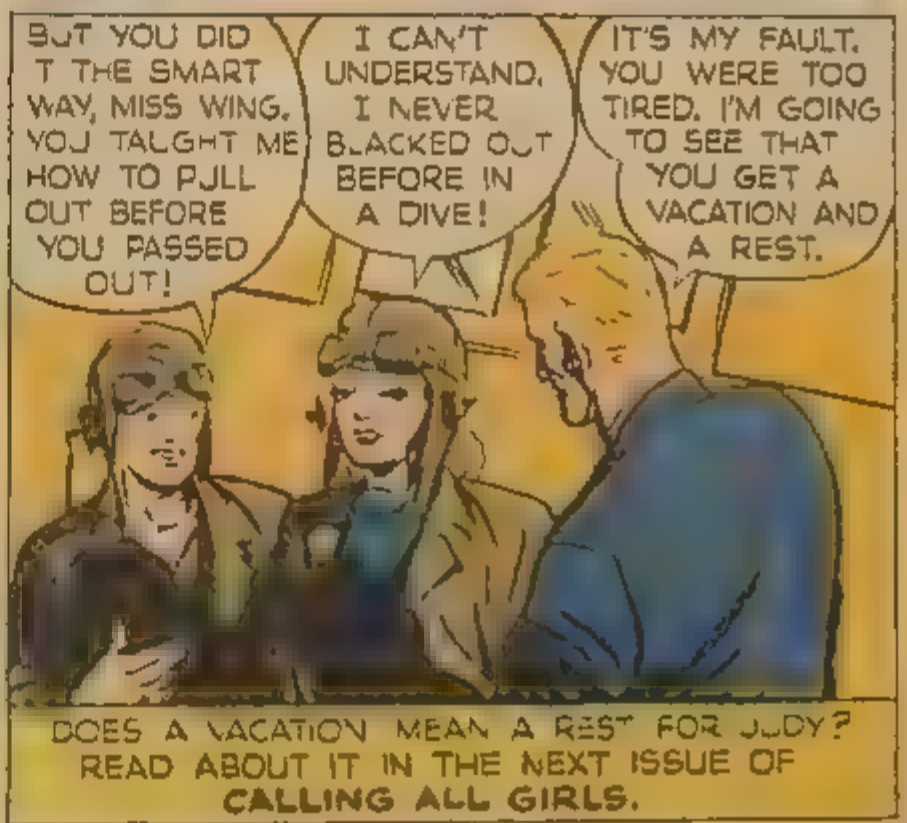
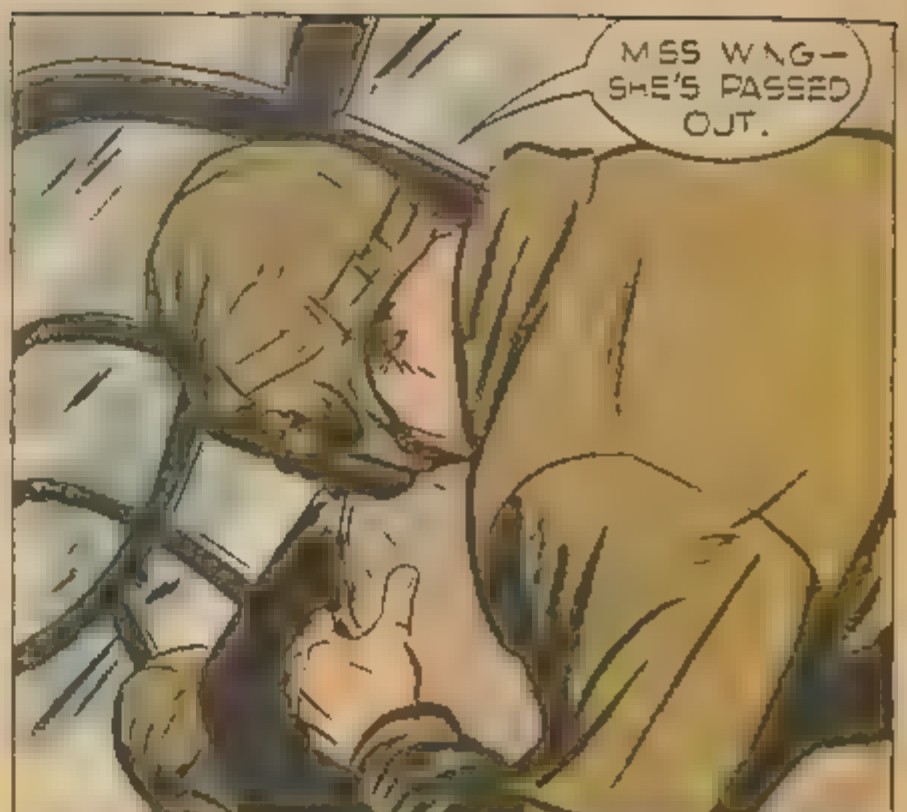
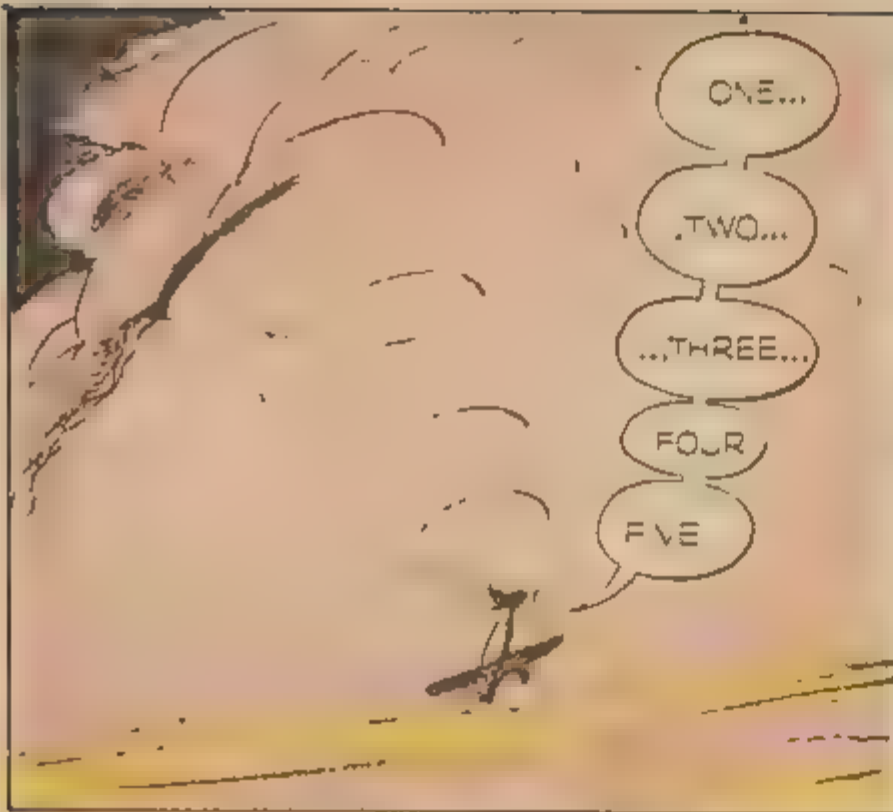
When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS

JUDY WING

SHE'S IN A WHIRL







LIGHT COMPETITION

(Continued from page 11)

aren't guiding this party."

"Because I never happened to visit the mal pais." He swept off his hat to Flick and made a mock bow. "A little child shall lead us. I see the Courier is providing the usual light competition."



Flick's cheeks burned as Cox sauntered languidly into Mr. Bronson's office, and sat on the editor's desk. Mr. Bronson glared, but as it had no effect on the red-headed reporter, he went back to drawing a rough map for the major.

"Of all the cocksure, conceited..." Flick sputtered.

"Don't let it get you down," said Norma. "And remember, he is clever." She followed Norma outside. There was a nurse in each jeep, and stretchers, large cans, and other gear in the two rear ones. Flick glanced through the window and saw that Mr. Bronson was still explaining to the major. She had two minutes at least!

She dashed into Metcalf's drugstore, hastily made a purchase, and while Mr. Metcalf wrapped it, ran to the pay phone and gave the Desmond number. Harry answered.

"It's happened!" she wailed. "Big story broke in the mal pais, but Vince Cox got wind of it somehow..." Hurriedly she gave Harry the details, adding, "So your flashlight idea won't work. But I have another idea which might, if you'll help."

"You know us. One for all and all for Flick."

"My pal!" she cried gratefully. "It won't be easy, Harry. Now listen carefully..."

She picked up her package and tucked it into a skirt pocket as she raced out, and put her change purse into the other pocket. Major Brand was already behind the wheel of the

leading jeep, with the nurse beside him, so Flick climbed in beside Vince Cox.

The three jeeps sped through town and started up a spiraling road toward the pass. Several columns of dust whirled across the parched desert, and ahead the painted mountains were reds and yellows and turquoise against a cobalt-blue sky.

Searing heat struck them an hour later when they entered the pass. Major Brand stopped and looked down upon Furnace Valley and the mountains encircling it. The valley floor,

now shimmering in the heat waves, was a tracery of mesquite and cactus, slashed by dry arroyos and cobwebbed by old tracks.

Major Brand pointed northeast to a canyon whose floor rippled like a black river at high flood. "That the mal pais, Flick?"

"Yes, Major. Those lava badlands were formed by molten rock flowing down from the volcanic mountain at the head of the canyon. The lava is like furnace clinkers and sharper than razor blades. You'll find skeletons of deer and wild horses. Their hoofs were cut away by the clinkers."

"I see now why the Fortress



"There goes my story," he said. A public relations officer will phone it in."

crew had to call for help!"

He started on. They zigged down the steep road and crossed part of the valley floor before Flick recognized the deeper ruts as the main course of travel to the northwestern part of the valley. As the caravan approached the end of the valley, the first jeep stopped. The two others sped north and south, pausing twice while soldiers dumped powder from the big cans at the east and west limits of the level ground.

"We're marking a safe landing place for an ambulance-plane," the major explained.

From there on it grew rougher. The major drove between towering rocks that almost scraped the jeep's sides, or twisted the little car at sudden angles. At last they reached a small open space, and Flick sprang out.

"We'll have to walk from here."

There was no recognizable trail, but Flick remembered the old landmarks that led one safely through the *mal pais*—a high rock at one place, a boulder resembling a crouching animal, an overhang of the canyon wall.

After climbing for two hours, they heard a shout. An officer whose cap bore a captain's insignia limped across the writhing bed of clinkers.

"Bear over to the left," Flick warned him. "You're off the trail."

"What trail?" he groaned.

But after bearing left, he walked less painfully. His boots were in tatters, and his feet left bloody marks on the rocks.

"My men are a couple hundred yards ahead," he gasped. "We were lucky, Major, considering where we were forced down. Two men have broken legs; my navigator has a gash in his head and a broken arm."

Flick could hardly pick her course through the *mal pais* as she started on, but within a few minutes the wing-tip of a B-17 loomed above a rock, and in its shade men cheered feebly.

It was necessary now to cross the treacherous lava bed, and this the party did with as little

loss of shoe leather as possible. While the nurses and the doctor set broken bones and bandaged the navigator's head, Vince Cox and Flick questioned the other crew members about their forced landing. When Flick returned to the trail, Cox was leaning against a rock that had escaped the lava flow, writing rapidly in a notebook. Flick climbed to the opposite side of the big rock and sat down before she unwrapped the package she had bought at Metcalf's.

A little later, as the party descended the canyon, Mr. Cox remarked, "Looks like summer lightning, Major. Hope it doesn't rain."

"Where?" asked the major.

"It was flashing around that

RAINBOW

By LEILA PINCUS
Ten Years Old

The shimmering rainbow in the sky
Outlines a starling flying by,
And sounds of soft and ending rain
Tell that a storm has gone again.

peak above the pass," the reporter said. "Funny, it seems to have stopped."

A plane buzzed over the crags and landed where the Army men had marked the level ground, but it was another hour before the tired stretcher-bearers reached the end of the trail and could lift the injured men into the plane.

"You nurses and two other men climb in," Major Brand said, "That will be enough load."

Before the pilot climbed into his compartment, Vince Cox talked to him and then walked away smiling. The engines presently burst into snarling spasms as the plane turned. It roared down the field, circled for altitude, and in a few minutes vanished over the sunset-tinted crags.

Mr. Cox grinned as he approached Flick. "There goes my story!"

Flick's eyes widened. "You gave it to the pilot?"

"That's right! And he promised to have a public relations

officer phone it to the News."

"Flick," Major Brand said, striding up, "we'd better start."

Flick studied the lengthening shadows. "It will soon be dark, sir. I'm not sure I can find the right tracks until the moon rises."

The major considered. "I imagine you're right. But the moon won't rise until three. You'd better catch some sleep."

Flick lay beside a rock, and it seemed as if she'd scarcely lain down when the major called heartily, "Time to rise and shine!" Flick rubbed her eyes. The moon was just rising.

Twice the deceptive moonlight led her astray, so the jeeps did not reach town until nine the next morning.

A paper boy was shouting, "Read all about the plane crash!" Mr. Cox sprang out, handed the boy a nickel, and opened the paper. His confident smile faded when he saw beneath a *Courier* masthead the headline: "FORT CREW RESCUED FROM MAL PAIS."

"Here, boy," Cox growled, "give me a good paper."

After pocketing the second nickel, the boy said, "You won't find anything about the crash in the *News*, mister."

Vince Cox verified this for himself before crumpling the *News* wryly.

"The public relations officer must have been off duty!" He made a mock bow. "Very good, Miss Kennedy, but how did you do it?"

"You gave me the idea," Flick smiled, showing him the small mirror she'd bought at Metcalf's. "Light competition! A friend, Harry Desmond, climbed that peak where you thought you saw lightning, and after I'd flashed my story to him, he flashed it to a friend here in Desert Springs."

Mr. Cox managed a sickly smile. "Beaten by a junior cub! I'll never live this down!"

Saying good-bye to the major, Flick entered the *Courier* office. On her desk was a vase of flowers, and beside it was Mr. Bronson's personal card, with a personal message: "To a good little newspaperwoman."

Junior Housekeeping



HOTCHA-BISCUITS!

JANE RICHARDS
JUNIOR HOUSEKEEPING EDITOR

THIS DINNER NEEDS A SHOT IN THE ARM. IF I ONLY HAD TIME TO MAKE BISCUITS.



WITH A LITTLE MOTHERLY ADVICE I BET I COULD MAKE THEM!

THE FIRST STEP IN MAKING DROP BISCUITS—GREASE THE COOKIE SHEET.



DROP BISCUITS ARE THE QUICKEST

AND I LIKE THEIR CRUNCHY CRUST.

SIFT BREAD FLOUR. THEN MEASURE $1\frac{3}{4}$ CUPS OF THE SIFTED FLOUR BACK INTO EMPTY SIFTER, AND 4 TEASPOONS BAKING POWDER, 1 TEASPOON SALT, AND SIFT AGAIN INTO MIXING BOWL.



SIFT ONTO WAX PAPER THE FIRST TIME, SAL. IT'S A NEAT WAY TO KEEP THE TABLE CLEAN.

AND TO SAVE DISH-WASHING.

THEN WORK IN 2 TABLESPOONS OF SHORTENING.



RUB THE SHORTENING AND FLOUR WITH YOUR FINGERS UNTIL THE MIX LOOKS LIKE CORN MEAL.

STIR IN QUICKLY $\frac{3}{4}$ CUP OF MILK AND DROP BISCUITS BY THE DESSERT SPOONFUL ON COOKIE SHEET.

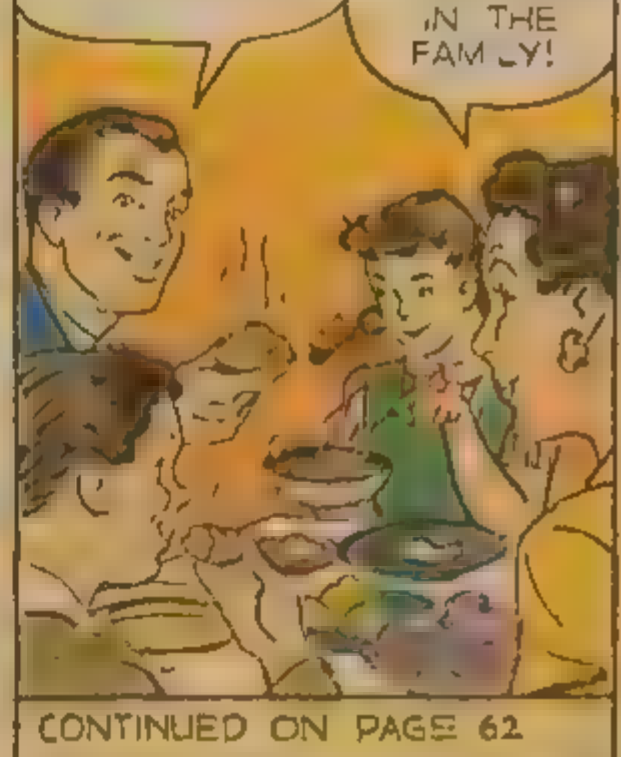


WHAT DID YOU SET THE OVEN FOR, MILMS?

425°—THEY'LL TAKE ABOUT 15 MINUTES.

I'M SURE GLAD I MARRIED SUCH A GOOD COOK.

SAL MADE THESE, DEAR. IT JUST RUNS IN THE FAMILY!

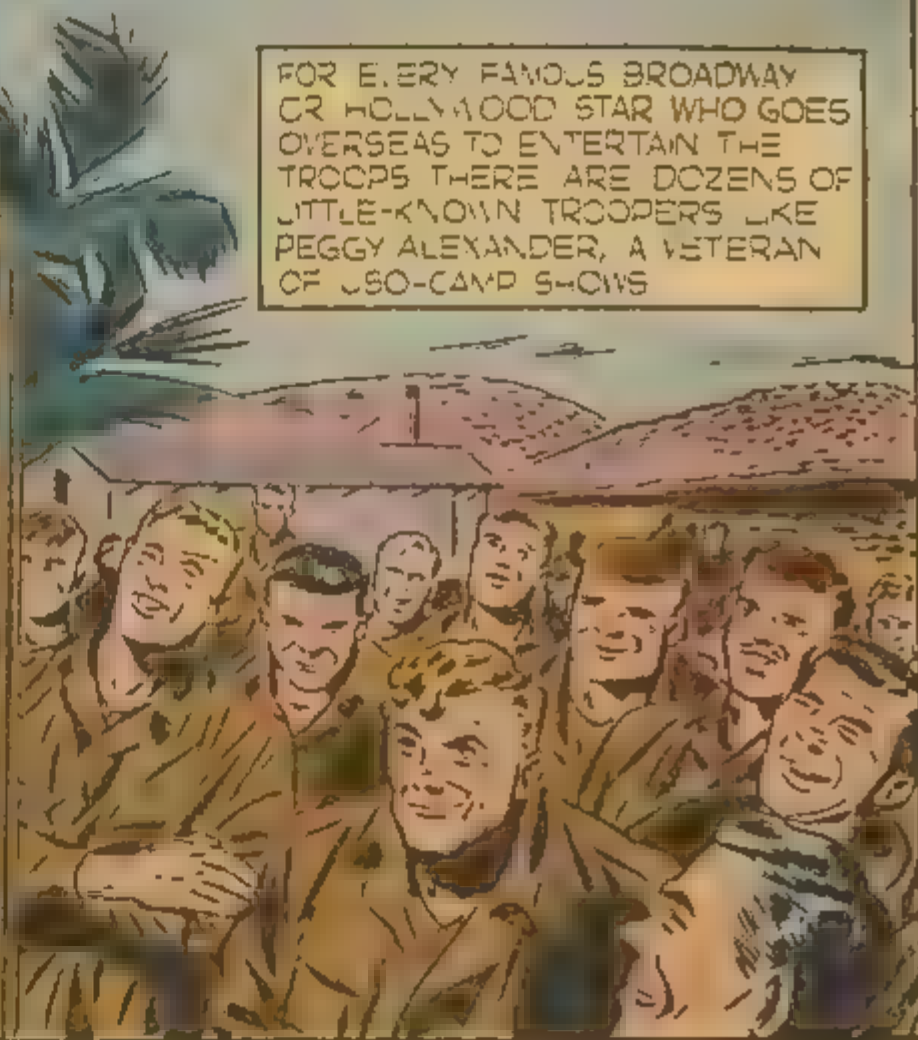


CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

STAR WITHOUT SPOTLIGHT



FOR EVERY FAMOUS BROADWAY OR HOLLYWOOD STAR WHO GOES OVERSEAS TO ENTERTAIN THE TROOPS THERE ARE DOZENS OF LITTLE-KNOWN TROOPERS LIKE PEGGY ALEXANDER, A VETERAN OF USO-CAMP SHOWS



PEGGY'S PUBLIC CAREER BEGAN WHEN SHE WAS FIVE, BUT THE HIGHLIGHT CAME WHEN SHE JOINED CAMP SHOWS TWO YEARS AGO.

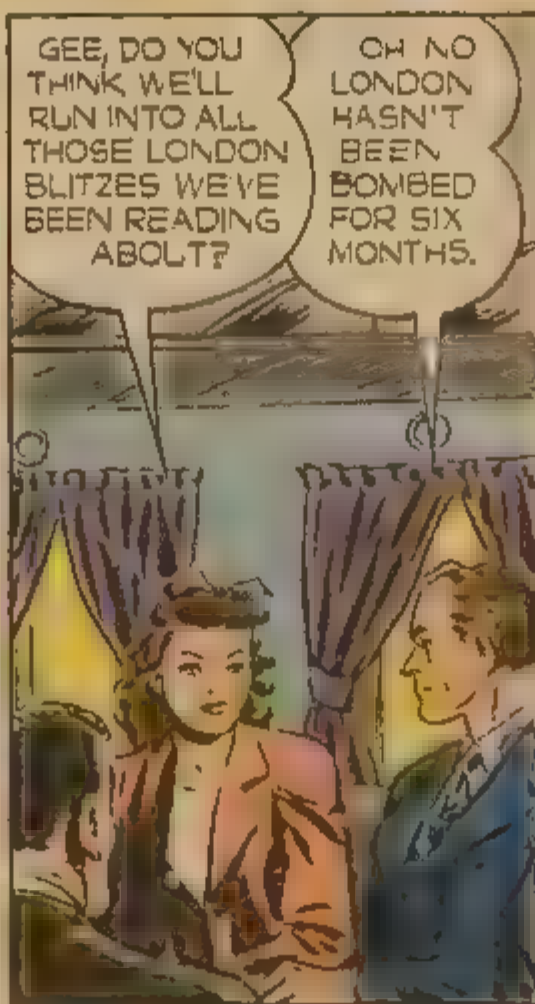
COME ON, CHILD. ALL ABOARD FOR ENGLAND.

LOOK, I MAY BE ONLY EIGHTEEN BUT I'M NO CHILD!



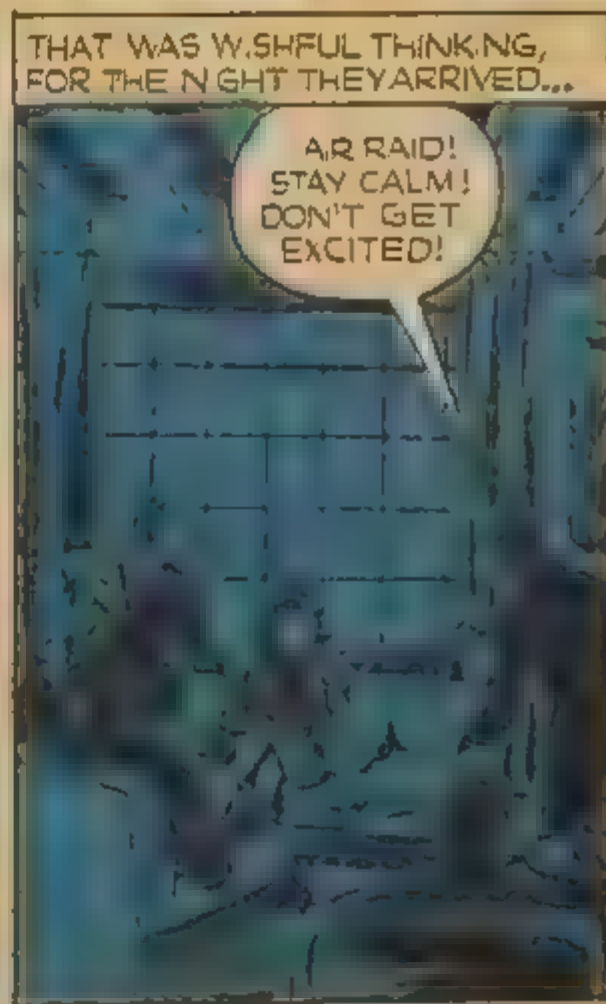
GEE, DO YOU THINK WE'LL RUN INTO ALL THOSE LONDON BLITZES WE'VE BEEN READING ABOUT?

OH NO LONDON HASN'T BEEN BOMBED FOR SIX MONTHS.



THAT WAS WISHFUL THINKING, FOR THE NIGHT THEY ARRIVED...

AIR RAID! STAY CALM! DON'T GET EXCITED!



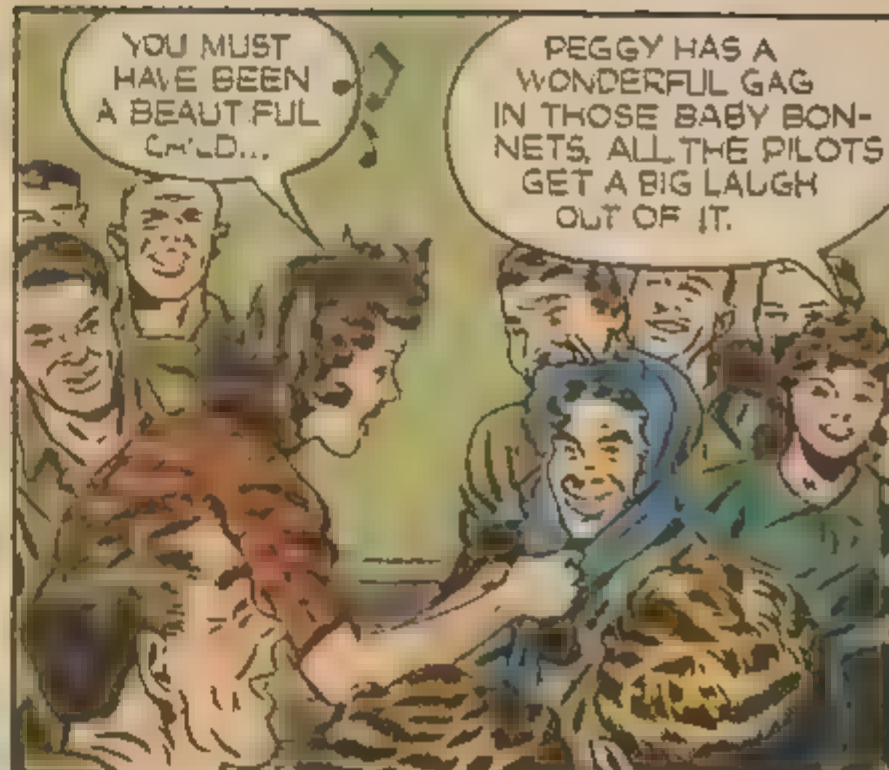
THE TROOPS IMMEDIATELY BEGAN EXTENSIVE TOURS OF THE CAMPS AT ONE AIRFIELD...



YOU MUST HAVE BEEN A BEAUTIFUL BABY...

SEE AN AMERICAN GUY...

I WONDER IF I SHOULD TAKE A MESSAGE HOME TO MY WIFE...



YOU MUST HAVE BEEN A BEAUTIFUL CHILD...

PEGGY HAS A WONDERFUL GAG IN THOSE BABY BONNETS. ALL THE PILOTS GET A BIG LAUGH OUT OF IT.

BUT THE BONNETS WENT MORE THAN A GAG TO THE PILOTS. SIX MONTHS LATER IN A HOSPITAL FOR WOUNDED ARMYMEN...



MISS ALEXANDER THERE'S THE BONNET YOU GAVE ME I HUNG IT IN MY COCKPIT

IT WAS RIDDLED BY SOME OF THE SAME BULLETS THAT GOT THE PLANE AND ME. BUT WE GOT BACK AND I'D LIKE ANOTHER BONNET!



ONCE, IN BIZERTE...



PEGGY'S JUST LIKE MY KID SISTER.

NAW, SHE LOOKS LIKE MY GIRL.

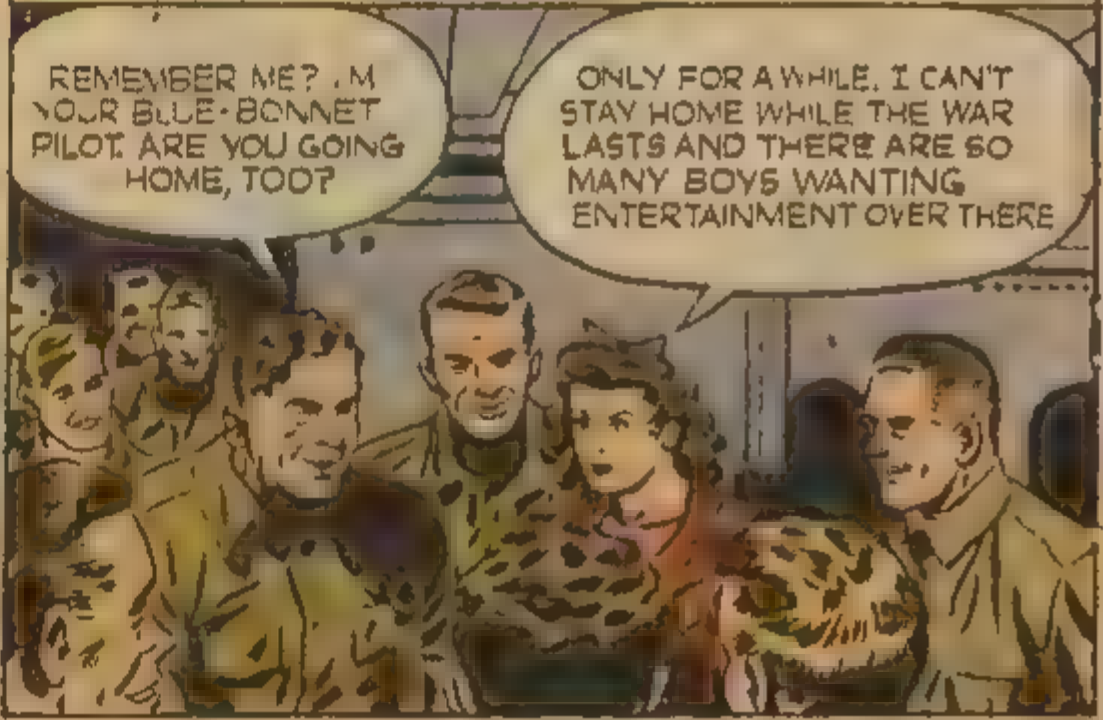
THAT PLANE - IT'S STRAFING THE AIRFIELD!



THE ANT-AIRCRAFT GOT THE NAZI.

THAT'S A REAL SHOW.

PEGGY PLAYED FOR SOLDIERS ON THE BATTLEFRONTS OF AFRICA, ALGERIA, AND SICILY, ON THE WAY HOME ON A HOSPITAL SHIP.



REMEMBER ME? I'M YOUR BLUE-BONNET PILOT. ARE YOU GOING HOME, TOO?

ONLY FOR A WHILE. I CAN'T STAY HOME WHILE THE WAR LASTS AND THERE ARE SO MANY BOYS WANTING ENTERTAINMENT OVER THERE

DOUBLE EXPOSURE MYSTERY

(Continued from page 6)

morrow was Saturday, and he'd surely have a date for then.

"How about Monday evening right after supper?" She tried to sound businesslike. "If you'll be wanting the darkroom then, and I'd be in the way . . ."

"Oh, no. I mean, you wouldn't be in the way. I've done up a couple of things for the contest already, but if I get some more pictures over the week end I can do them at the same time, if it's all right with you."

"Of course."

They smiled at each other.

"Well, I'll see you Monday then. So long."

"So long." He turned away, with a brief salute, and then turned back again. "My name's Doug McCord," he said.

"Oh!" How funny! They

didn't even know each other's names. "Hello. Mine's Gilly Prescott."

"Hello, yourself. And we live right over Dad's shop—there's just the two of us—on Main north of Third. Think you can find it? I could come down and get you the first time."

"I'll find it." She didn't want him to think she was a clinging vine. "I think I noticed it yesterday. Isn't there a beautiful display of chrysanthemums in the window?"

"Sure. Regular fall special, you know, chrysanthemums."

"Yes, I suppose so. Well . . ." Her voice sounded so reluctant that Gilly was ashamed of herself. "I'll see you Monday then. And thanks a million for letting me use your stuff." And she

ran up the walk, turned at the door for a quick last look at him as he strode off up the street, and then rushed inside.

"Oh, Mom," she said a moment later in the kitchen, catching her mother around the waist, "the most wonderful thing! I met a boy with red hair and a darkroom! And he's going to let me use it!"

"His red hair?" Mrs. Prescott asked fondly, but she smiled. Yesterday Gilly had come home and said she didn't like Clinton High very much, and Mrs. Prescott had been worrying about her. It seemed she could stop worrying now.

All the next morning Gilly worked like a demon, and by noon the new house looked almost as if the Prescott family had lived in it for three months instead of three days.

"You deserve the afternoon off," her mother said, as they sank down exhaustedly to a lunch of soup and sandwiches.

"Do I?" Gilly's eyes brightened. "I hated to remind you of it, but I did sort of want to take some pictures. That Doug McCord I told you about said I could use his darkroom Monday night and . . ."

"Yes, dear. I remember." It was the third time Gilly had mentioned the red-haired boy and his darkroom.

An hour later, freshly showered and with her camera in its case slung over her shoulder, Gilly started out.

At the very first corner she caught a picture of the druggist, tongue between his teeth, carefully pasting up a sign on his window that read, "SPECIAL TODAY: BLACK AND WHITES—13c." And as soon as she hit the center of town she did what she hoped was a wonderful study of the traffic cop at the main intersection. She clicked the shutter just as he raised one peremptory hand to stop the east-west traffic, and beckoned with the other to a five-year-old boy waiting to cross.

(Continued on page 65)



Doug stared at her. "I don't get it. I never saw that guy."



BOYS!
GIRLS!

GROW UP BIG, TALL,
HUSKY— LIKE ME!

DRINK

TOOTSIE ROLL

It Makes Milk Taste Like Chocolatey
TOOTSIE ROLLS



WOW! WHAT
A DRINK!

IMAGINE! BETTER
THAN A 25¢ SODA FOUNTAIN
DRINK! BETTER FOR US, TOO!
AND WE CAN MAKE PLENTY
OF 'EM AT HOME!



• Sure you want vitamins—
plenty of 'em! And now they come
to you in a delicious chocolatey
thirst-quenching drink that
tastes just like your favorite
candy—chocolatey Tootsie Rolls.

Have your mother get a jar
today at her grocer's! Then,
whenever you want a real "party

drink"—between meals or at
the dinner—just stir up a "long,
tall foamy chocolatey dream."
What a treat!

And wow! Imagine the extra
pep—the extra good looks and
muscles you may have! Especial-
ly if you've been needing these
vitamins!

AT THE VITAMINS IT GIVES YOU!
FULL ADULT MINIMUM REQUIREMENTS OF—

A THE
RESISTANCE
VITAMIN



B₁ THE
APPETITE
VITAMIN



B₂ THE
GROWTH
VITAMIN



D THE
SUNSHINE
VITAMIN



The Red Blood Mineral
plus valuable amounts of calcium,
phosphorous and niacin

DON'T WAIT!

Start enjoying
TOOTSIE ROLL



Super-charged with vitamins
and minerals! Makes milk
taste like Tootsie Rolls.



Capt.

TOOTSIE

and the

**TOY
CANNON**

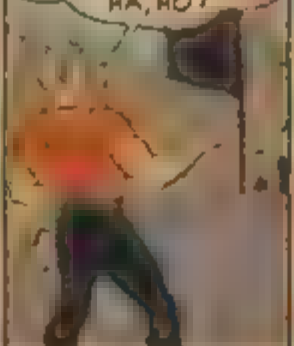
"HE WOULD BE NASTY WHO
LOVES TO MAKE SMALL CHILDREN
UNHAPPY IS BRUTAL HIMSELF."

"IT TAKE THAT 'HOOTIN' ZOOTIE'
LITTLE LANNON! I'VE GOT A
TOP FROM A BARNY
ALL RIGHT FOR
TOOTSIE"



"WHEN ROLLO TOOTSIE FOR
TOOTSIE CAPTAIN TOOTSIE
WOMED A BURN NO!"

"HA, HA, NO NO, NO! TRYING
TO HURT ME WITH A WORK BULLET
HA, NO!"



"HEH HEH YOU'LL
GET WEAKER AND
WEAKER, CAPTAIN
TOOTSIE! BECAUSE
WITH THAT LORN IN
YOUR MOUTH YOU
CAN'T EAT
TOOTSIE ROLLS
FOR ENERGY."



"NOT COULD AND THE SECRET
IS IN LOVE WITH THE F..."

"THANKS
I SAID
POP!"



"CLEVER I
AS A F..."

"NOT SO FAST DE NASTY
I'M TAKING YOU BACK
TO PRISON AGAIN."

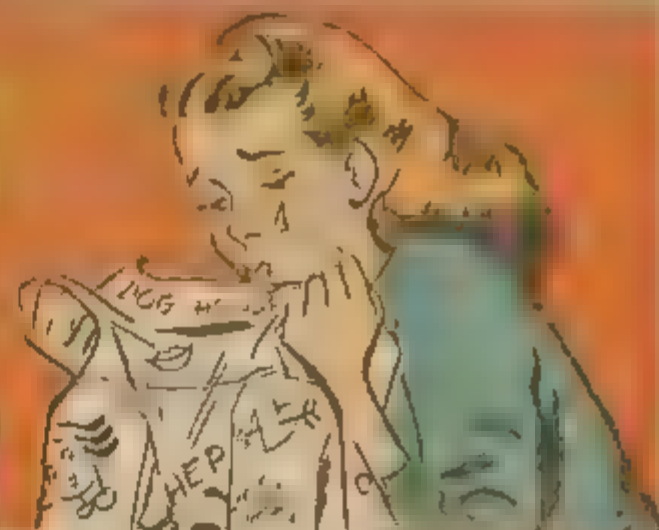
"BOY I'M GLAD WE'VE BEEN
EATING TOOTSIE ROLLS
REGULARLY. THEY GAVE
US THE EXTRA ENERGY
TO HELP OUR CAPTAIN."



When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS

The VICTORY CLUB

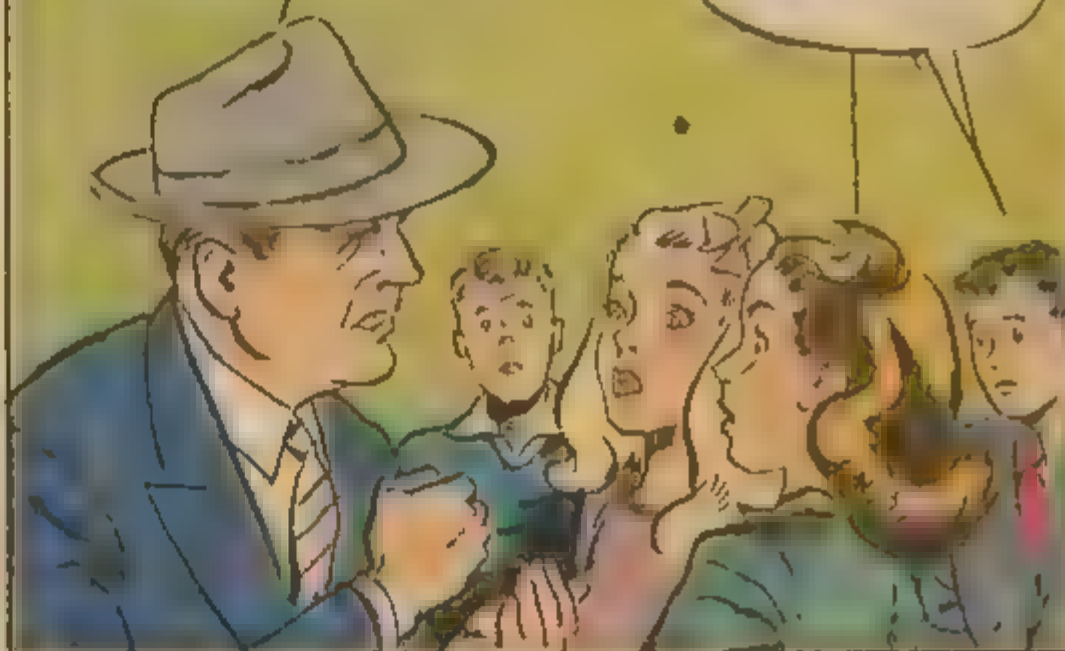
THEY GIVE UP AND WIN



LAST MONTH, THE VICTORY CLUB DECIDED TO ESTABLISH A TEEN TOWN. THE BUSINESS MEN'S CLUB OF YORKTOWN AGREED TO GIVE THEM THE USE OF A BUILDING IF THEY SHOWED THEIR GOOD FAITH BY CLEANING IT UP. BY MISTAKE THEY CLEANED OUT THE WRONG HOUSE—ONE AT 9 ROOSEVELT PLACE INSTEAD OF 9 ROOSEVELT STREET—AND GAVE AWAY CLOTHES AND TOOLS BELONGING TO A MAN WHO WAS JUST MOVING INTO HIS NEW HOME...

AND IF YOU DON'T GET MY THINGS BACK HERE IMMEDIATELY, I'LL HAVE YOU ALL ARRESTED FOR ILLEGAL ENTRY AND THEFT AND TRESPASSING AND...

OH, GEEGOSH,

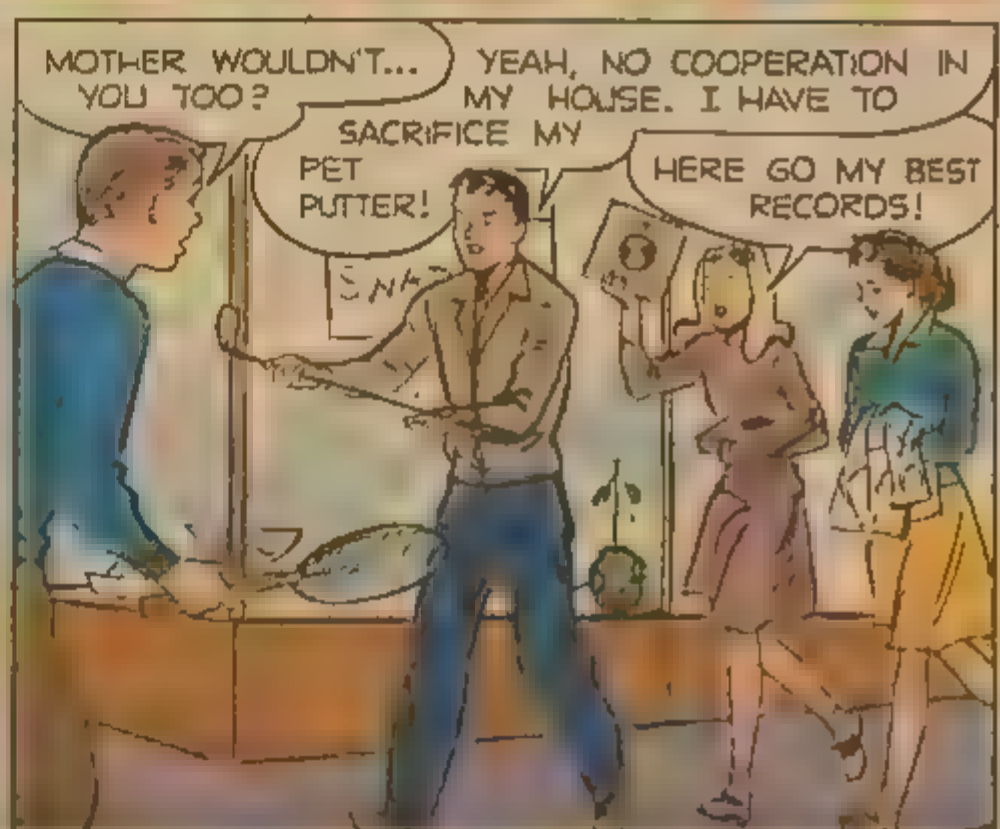
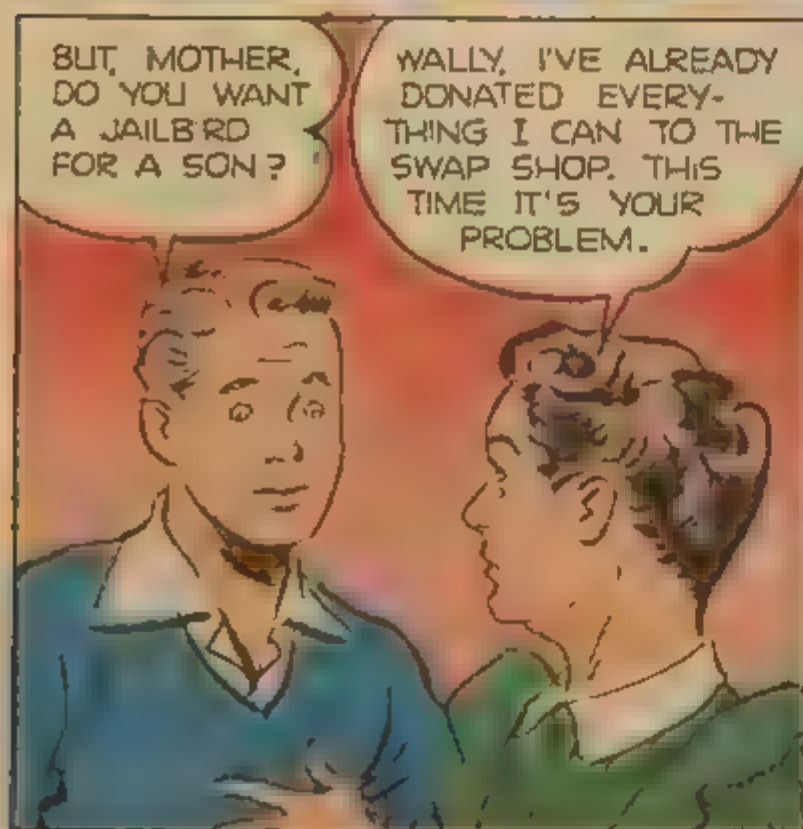
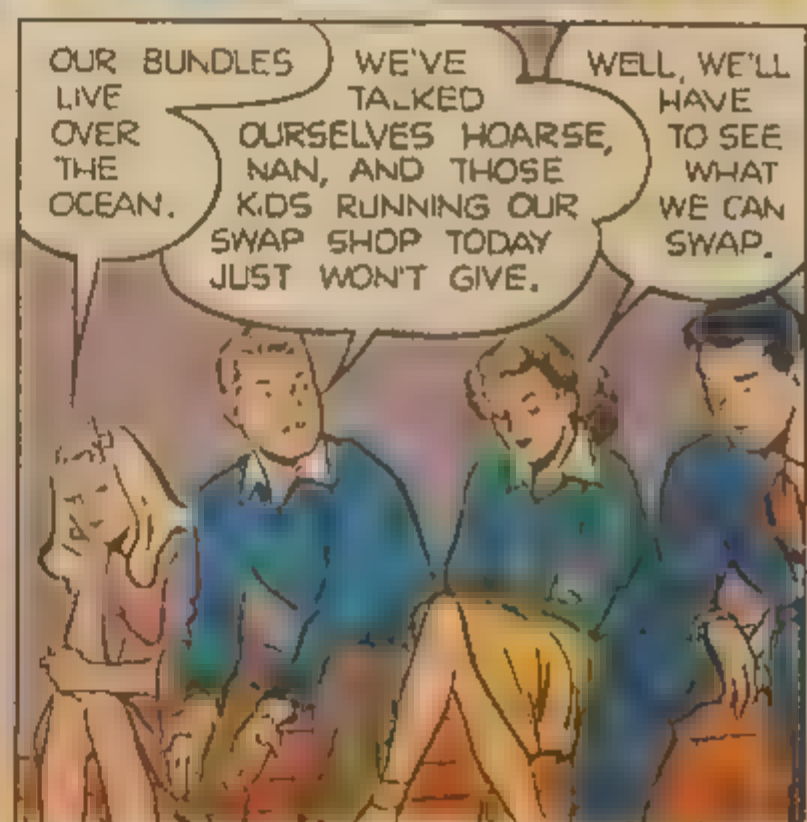
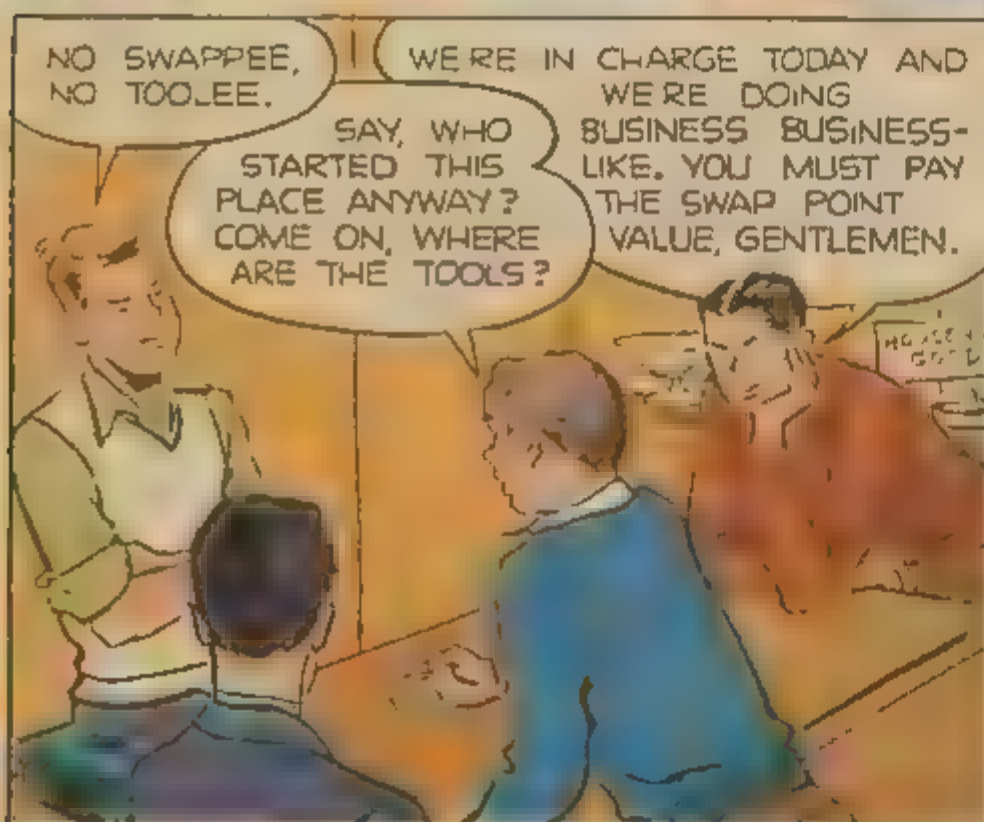
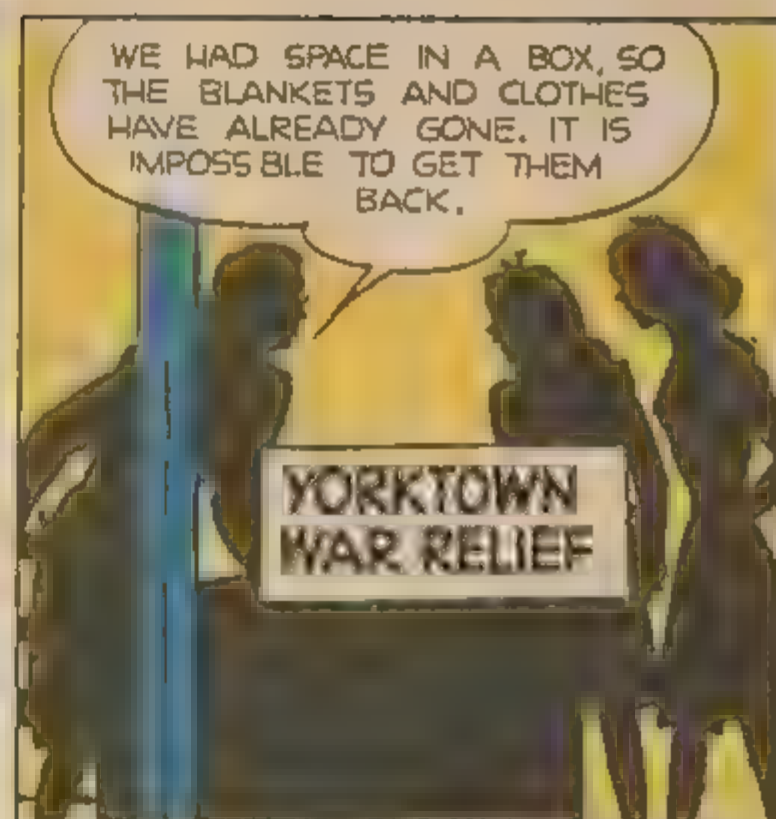
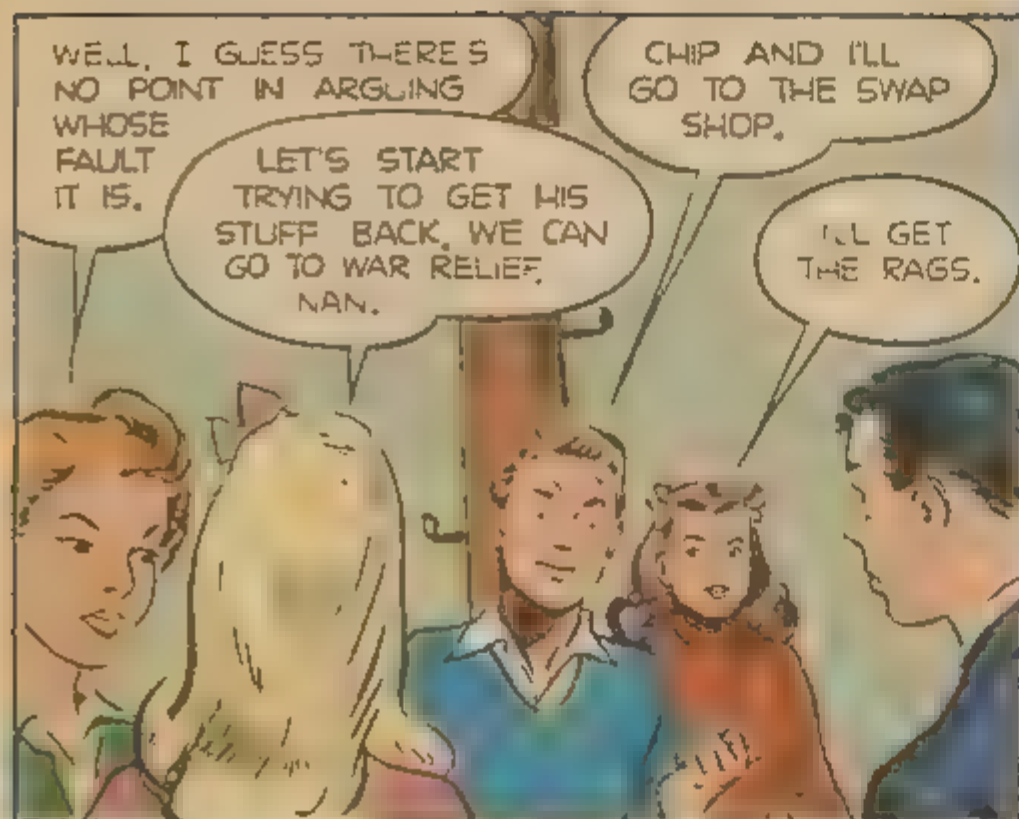


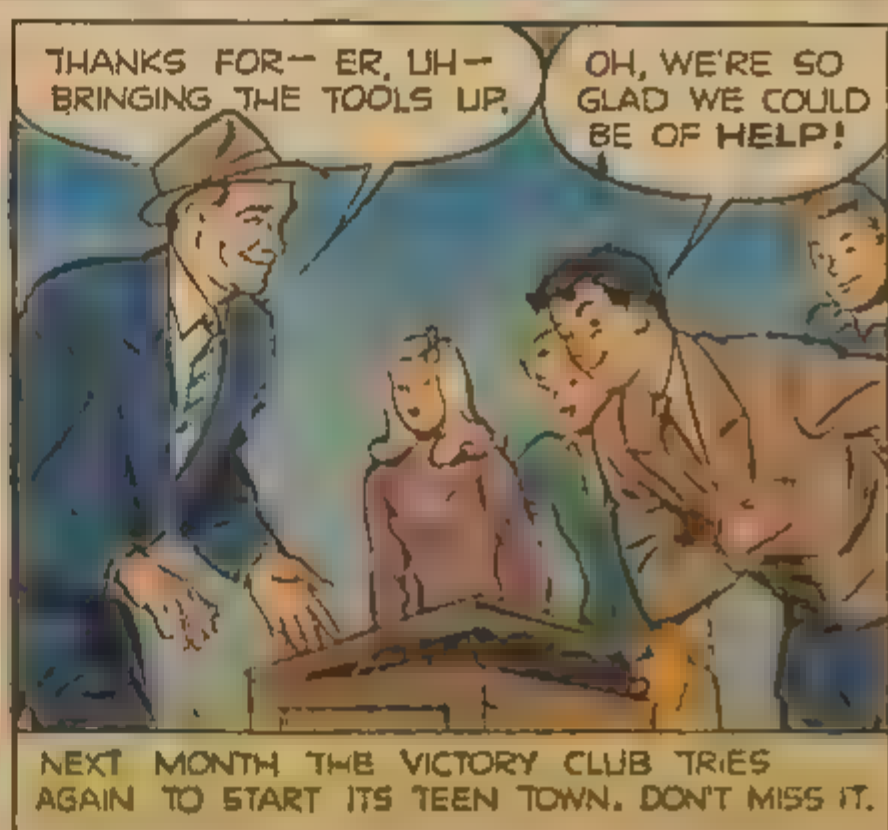
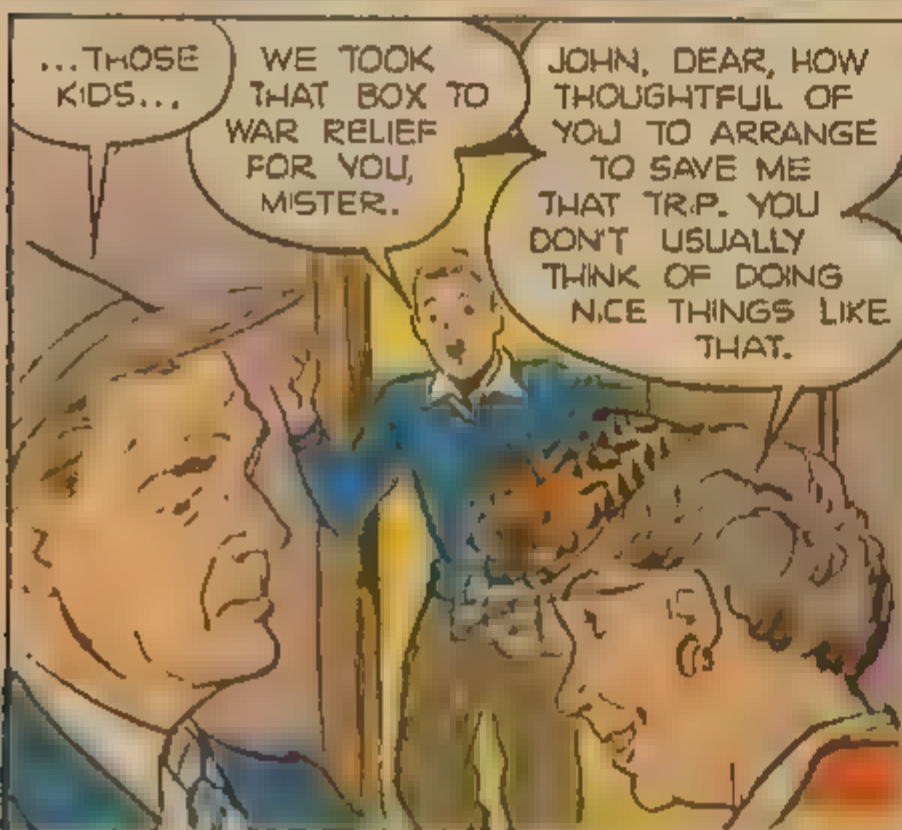
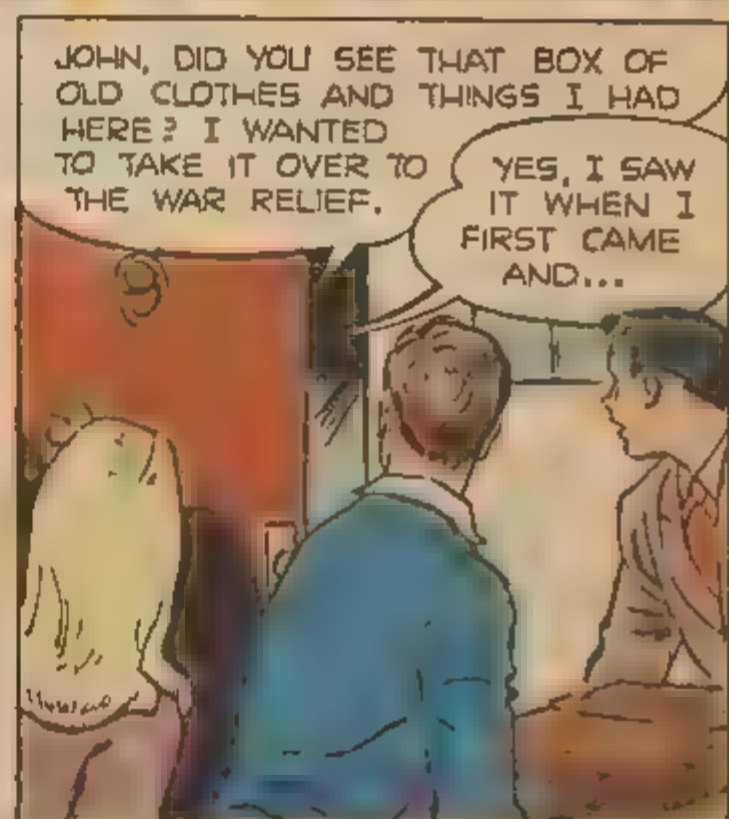
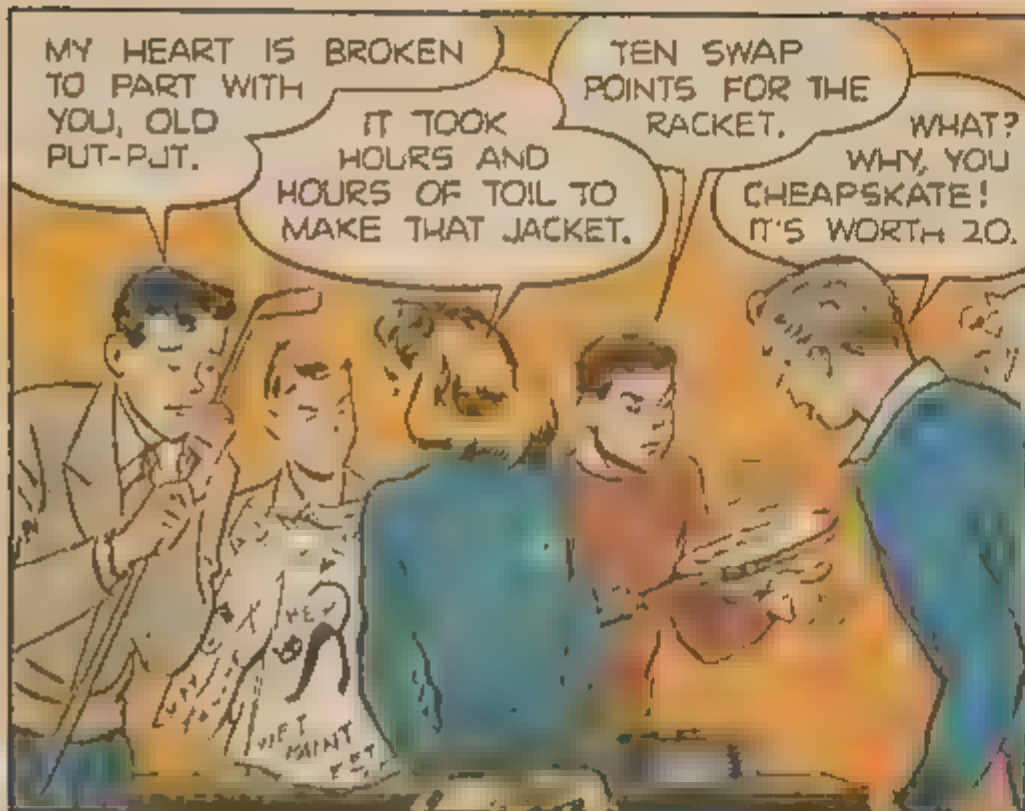
HOLLY, YOU AND CHIP WERE THE ONES WHO GOT THE ADDRESS. WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL US WE WERE ON THE WRONG TRACK?

YOU MEAN AT THE WRONG SHACK.

WELL, JEEPERS, YOU LED THE WAY, NAN!









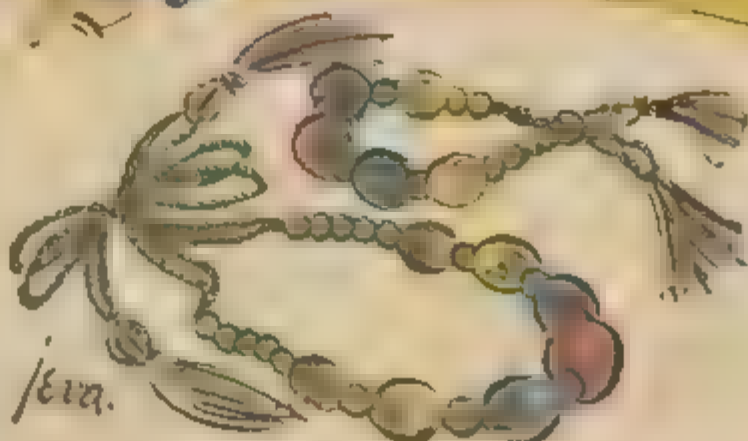
HI, CHICKS, if you're on the beam you're listening every week to the **CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air**. Yes, your favorite magazine is now on the radio, broadcast over local stations from coast to coast.

The country's finest department stores are sponsoring this program to bring you entertainment and information about the good buys in their teen departments. Many of them have **CALLING ALL GIRLS Clubs of their own** for you to join and hold teen fashion shows and contests that are grand fun. They're all announced on the program, so tune in every week. Linda Allen, National Director, presents a thrilling variety of features—your own fashion editor, Nancy Pepper, in person; a dramatic sketch by a top New York cast; the popular slangue slinger, Jenny Jabberwocky; guest stars of scintillating brilliance, like Charlie Spivak, Gloria Jean, famous "model man" Harry Conover, and many others. You'll find every program full of delightful surprises, so don't miss one!

If it is not broadcast in your locality, write us about it and give the name of your favorite store. Address Linda Allen, National Director, **CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

See page 52 for list of stores that sponsor the **CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air**.

ADDED ATTRACTIONS



1—LITTLE cents makes big sense when it comes to droolsome accessories that add point value to every outfit and subtract little from your allowance. They're all conversation pieces.



2—Keep your sweater sleeves up with a felt arm clip to match your head band. A Tween-Age inspiration! It's an anklet, too.



3



3—Pin Coro's twin leather turtles to your sweater or give your coat an "air" with Stinky, a sentimental fur skunk lapel pin who swoons over flowers.



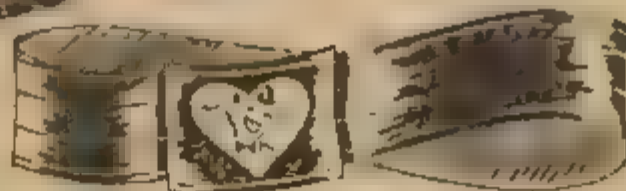
4



4—Carry all your doodads on your hip in this Gruesome Two-some felt and leather belt and bag ensemble by Belt Modes.



5



5—Slick trick waistliners to wear with everything. From top to bottom: "I Love You" belt, the "O.A.O." belt with picture frame buckle and "Triple Chance" with combination key case and change purse. All by Vamp Belts and Ah, for You!

6



6—Play "spin the bottle" in a lacy hair clip by Deyson and bracelet with glass bottle charms by Winky Creations.

Accessories in the Oddgeterins of most of the Official **CALLING ALL GIRLS** stores listed elsewhere in this issue.

Pick Your Coat Colors Out Of A JEWEL BOX

AS EXCITING and brilliant as pirate treasure—jewel tones make fall coats look new. You've had years of camel tan, so it's time to go adventuring with high shades that light up your wardrobe. You'll find coats in these and other jewel tones in your favorite teen departments.



TOPAZ GOLD—A heavenly burnished shade as warm as tropical sunshine. Notice the brown velvet collar, raglan shoulders, new pockets, huge buttons. Dovemere fleece, styled by Graishire.

MOONSTONE GRAY—Mysterious and misty neutral that goes with everything. Look for Moonstone Gray in famous Kitten's Ear fleeces. This one is smartly belted in back à la militaire.

JADE GREEN—Soft as a muted violin, it's the number one coat color of the season. See this Jade Green North Peak fleece Chesterfield on our front cover, with darker green Teen-Age hat by Gage to match the velvet trim. 'Elephant Ear' coat lapels are new.

RUBY FUCHSIA—All the inner fire of a blood-red ruby, tinged with purple, a turbulent, thrilling color. Look for Ruby Fuchsia in suede wool dress-up coats like this one with yoke detail.

Send 3c stamp for where-to-buy information.



Make a PEPLUM DRESS

ONE basic dress of Celanese rayon crepe, plus one matching shirred peplum edged in velvet and one circular plaid taffeta peplum equals two slick date dresses. For good measure, make a Dutch cap and a drawstring bag of the taffeta, and change your neckline ruffle to match your peplum.

Dress pattern with two peplum patterns is Advance Pattern #3759, sizes 9 to 17. Costs 15c at your local Advance Pattern dealer, or send cash to Patterns, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. State pattern number and correct size.

Instruction sheets for Dutch cap and drawstring bag are yours for the asking. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope for them.

Meet 16-year-old Sonya Aldrich of Bloomfield, N. J., winner of the Cover Girl Contest conducted by Kresge Department Store, Newark, N. J. On this month's front cover Sonya wears a North Peak fleece coat, Teen-Age by Gage hat, scarf by Kimball, Nolan gloves, and a fur Poodle Puss on her lapel.



TOP CLASSICS for college or high school—in an all-purpose look with the new tied neckline, and an unlined jacket-to-skirt suit. Both can be worn with criss-cross ties that give your ensemble an expensive, formal look. Send for one or both of these patterns today. Only 20¢ each. Sewing chart and instruction booklet for making criss-cross ties included.

Pattern A-1703. Unmistakably new lines cleverly simple enough to form a attractive package and by a criss-cross tie. Shown with a criss-cross belt that has square pockets attached. Sizes 11 to 17. Size 13 requires 2½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern A-1701. Your most useful suit for fall. Wear the skirt with many buttons and a smart criss-cross vest. Wear the jacket as a separate blazer with different fronts and decorate the jacket with a criss-cross gadget. Sizes 11 to 17. Size 13 requires 2½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Use STAR TWIST Mercerized Sewing Thread for all home sewing. Fast colors, will not.

FREE with every 4 Pattern Two instruction sheets on criss-cross belt, gadget, vest and other items. Also advance folder of all new dress styles you may want to order.

AMERICAN THREAD & Loom Co., Inc.
111 West 11th St., New York 16, N. Y.
Enclose TWENTY CENTS, 20¢, for each pattern you

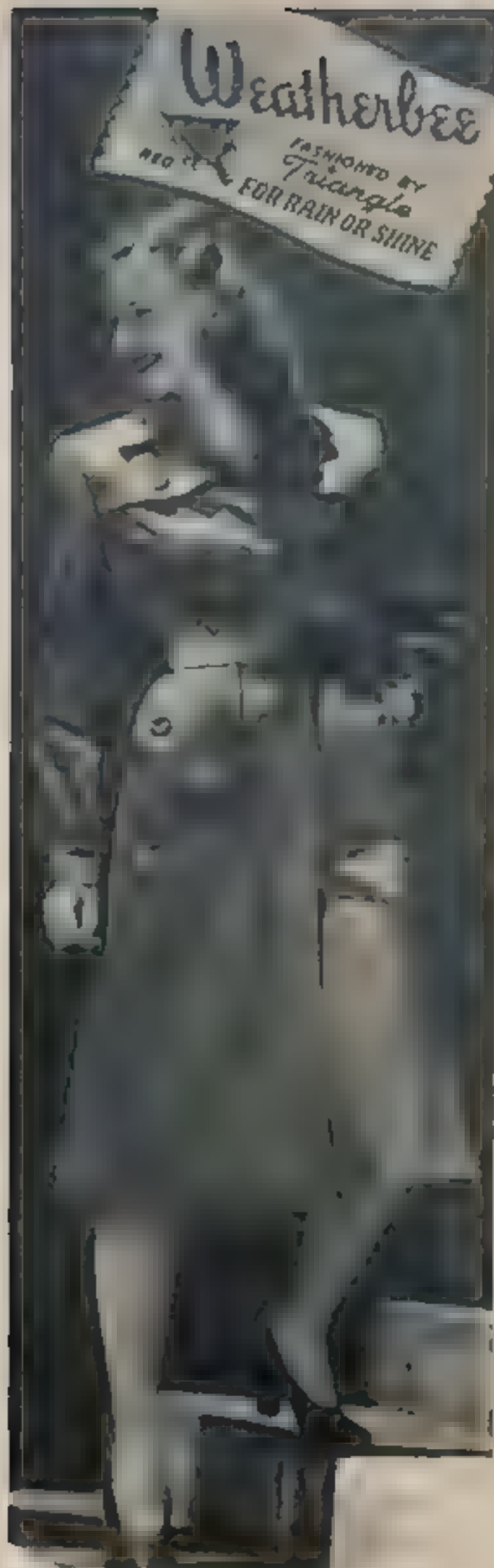
A-1703, size _____ () A-1701, size _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Star Twist
Mercerized Sewing Thread



It's a Weatherbee

Bright Star . . . a coat that's all shining glamour yet happily snug in all kinds of weather, rain-or-shine. It's Skinner's rayon satin-surfaced Tackle Twill. In sizes 7 to 14, with slash pockets, Red Spark, Snuff Brown, Air Blue, about \$12.95. As shown here, in sizes 10 to 18, Red Spark, Natural, Snuff Brown, Navy, Purple Flash, about \$18.00, at all fine stores

TRIANGLE RAINCOAT CO., Inc.
520 Eighth Ave., New York 18, N. Y.



GO PLACES IN

By NANCY PEPPER

Fashion Editor

SOME girls have all the luck! For instance, take teen-age models Gwen Currier and Jackie Macmillan. They get a chance to wear our Betty Lane taffeta and velvet "Double Daters"; they have good-looking Seaman Dick Flicker, USNR, NROTC, for an escort; AND they visit your favorite band leader, Charlie Spivak, in his dressing room at the Paramount Theatre in New York. It's a case of "ALL THIS AND SPIVAK, TOO."

Charlie Spivak made this visit doubly pleasant by playing some of his new recordings for us in between photographs. Yes, he can play records, too. Our models stayed on to see the Paramount show as Mr. Spivak's special guests, and that wasn't hard to take, either!





DOUBLE DATERS

SEPARATES to interchange like sweaters and skirts are News for dating. In taffeta and velvet jackets with short skirts, Gwen and Jackie inspect Charlie Spivak's station wagon outside the Paramount stage door. They switch skirts below at left. Don't overlook their Betty Ann velveteen Dutch caps. Above, the girls change to long skirts and, presto, they have two of the smartest formals you ever saw!

Plaid taffeta jacket, about \$6; velvet jacket, about \$9; taffeta short skirt, about \$6; velvet skirt, about \$9; taffeta long skirt, about \$11. At most of the CALLING ALL GIRLS Official Headquarters stores, or send a stamped, addressed envelope for where-to-buy information in your town.

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

Dee-Gee
DESIGN PAT. PEND. REG. TRADE MARK
SHIRTS!



**THEY REALLY
SEND YOU!**

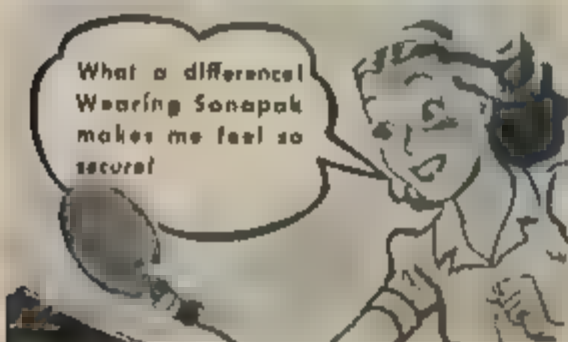
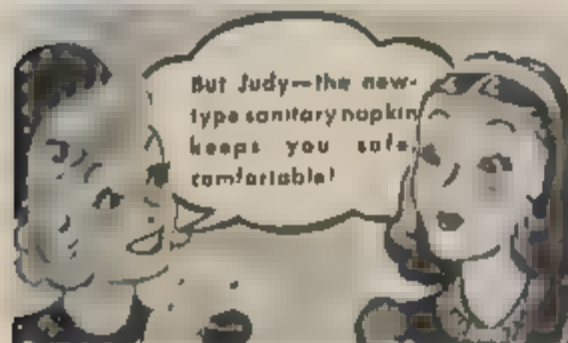
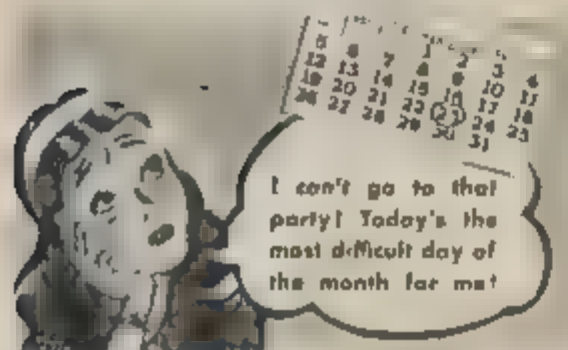
You gals named them, yourselves, when you kept saying "But they're absolutely Dee-Gee!" And that they are. Soft cotton knits in colors that are simply out of this world! See them at your favorite store, priced about \$1.85, or write:

"Live for 'Divine!'"

JASE PRODUCTS
Manufacturers of Knitted Specialties
24 West 30th St., New York 1, N. Y.

JUDY HAD THE JITTERS

—until she discovered Sanitary Protection with a **PLUS!**



Girls! San-Nap-Pak Sanitary Napkins give you extra comfort and protection!



Switch to SAN-NAP-PAK, and laugh at the calendar! Made with the famous pink "Layer of Protection". Extra safe. Invisible under clothes.

JUST SAY "Sanapak"

Tricks for Teens

Ear-resistibles—Hitch your earrings to your cuffs, if you want something new in the line of cuff links. Screw the earrings through the hole in your cuff, and the result will be dazzling!—Phyllis Wellington, London, Ont. Ears are not the only good places from which to dangle earrings. If you have lost your zipper pull, an earring makes a lovely new pendant.—Joan M. Murphy, New York, N. Y. And why have the same shade pull or electric light pull all the time? Decorate the pulls with your old earrings, and keep changing them for variety.—Marjerie Hastings, Lebanon, N. H. Small, inexpensive salt spoons are pretty versatile if you bend them to make neat ear clips. The spoon part goes behind your ear, while the handle sparkles in front. With a matching spoon bracelet, you'll look good enough to eat.—June Burns, Culver City, Calif.

Hi, School!—Keep up to the minute by covering your school books with current issues of your school newspaper. When you have a few moments to spend, just read a few articles from the covers of your books.—Shirley Marcus, Jersey City, N. J. Of course, if you want to be more feminine about it, you can cover your books with material to match some of the dresses you wear to school. Both you and your books will look keen!—Almarie Brady, Cameron, Tex. With bells on your fingers you'll be the belle of the game. Get two pieces of ribbon, at least two yards each, and each in one of your school colors. Then cut each piece of ribbon into five sections. Take ten of those bells you so often wear on your socks, tie one on each ribbon, and then tie one on each finger. It's gayer if you alternate colors so that each finger is different from its neighbor. Now when you yell and clap for your team, you'll really be a big help.—Jewelle Medley, Washington, D. C. A good way to keep your problem ruler in line is to bore two holes

in it, spaced so that you can slip the ruler over the rings in your loose-leaf notebook.—Hurley Galloway, Robards, Ky.

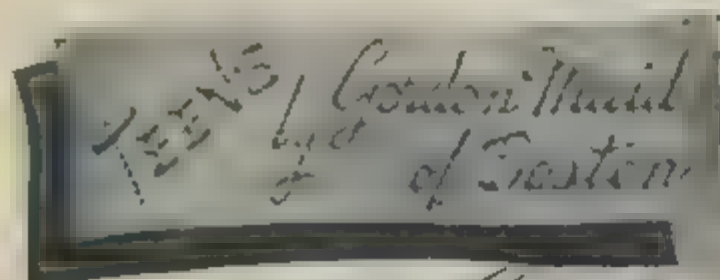
Smarty Had a Party—Nuts to your friends! Your crowd will be mighty surprised and tickled when you hand them walnut shells containing invitations to a party. Separate the shells without breaking them, and paint the inside a brilliant color. Write your invitation on a small piece of paper which can be glued inside one of the shells for security. Then glue the shell halves back together, and they are ready for delivery.—Patty Lewis, Vernal, Utah. For a good quiet party game, cut out about ten advertisements from a magazine. Cut off the name of the product, but try to leave some small hint on the picture. Give everyone a pencil and paper, and, as the ads are passed around, each contestant tries to guess the name of the product advertised. The winner, who has the most right answers, could be asked to test the group's observation by acting out one of the ads like a charade.—Donna Saxe, Los Angeles, Calif. When you have a lot of company, it's kind of hard to remember whose glass is whose when they go out to be refilled with that swell punch of your mother's. So paint each friend's name on the outside of a glass with bright nail polish. It can easily be removed with polish remover.—Yvonne Cammidge, Bashaw, Alta.

Polishing Up—If you get your fingers smeared with nail polish every time you do your nails, try this. Just before putting on the polish, rub hand cream into your hands, and especially around—but not on—your nails. The excess polish will then wipe off in a wink.—Martha Ann Lauterbach, Springfield, Ill. Cardboard lipstick cases have a way of falling apart. But if you give a case several coats of colorless nail polish, it will stay together much

(Continued on page 53)

JUMPER JIVE

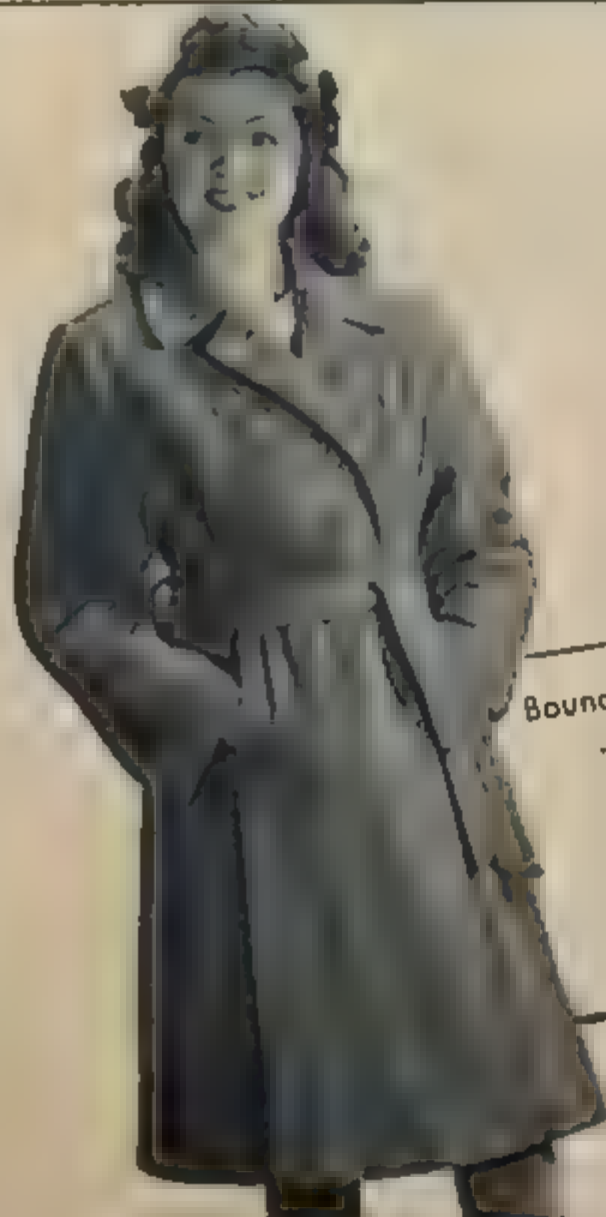
Cut in a rug in a gray men's
wear flannel job with felt
flower applique. A real "sonder"
Sizes 10 to 16 ... About \$6



For the store nearest you, write

GORDON MAID SKIRT CO., INC.

Main Office: 99 Bickford Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
NEW YORK SHOWROOM: 1350 BROADWAY



SLICK
CHICKS
PICK

Bambury-Hi
CLASSIC WRAP-AROUNDS

Bound to get you an "A" for Appearance
... this new version of your favorite
wrap-around by BAMBURY in a
soft-warm fleece. The colors will
make the crowd simply drool -
lilac, moss green, cherry-red, cadet
blue or caramel. Sizes 10 to 16.

This is just one of many new BAMBURY
styles on sale at your favorite store, or write.



BAMBURY FASHIONS
520 EIGHTH AVENUE - NEW YORK 8, N.Y.



by SHIRTER JACKET • SCOOTER SHORTS

Lookie, cookies here's the newest in fun clothes. The SHIRTER JACKET boasts immense pockets and long cumfy sleeves and comes in bold plaids and buffalo checks. Wear it in or out — wear it with slacks, skirts and shorts. Teams to a "T" with the pictured SCOOTER SHORTS that are all wool flannel in grey, brown, navy or Hunter green.

Shirter Jacket — about \$8 • Scooter Shorts — about \$6.50
At leading stores For store nearest you write

1359 BROADWAY • NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

Look for Fashions O.K.'d by CALLING ALL GIRLS (or similar fashions) in teen departments of the Official Headquarters stores listed below:

*Akron, Ohio.....M. O'Neill Co.
*Albany, N. Y.....The Wonder Shop
*Allentown, Pa.....Hess Bros.
*Allentown, Pa.....The Wm. Gable Co.
*Asheville, N. C.....Ivey's, Inc.
*Augusta, Ga.....Saxon Cullum, Inc.
*Baltimore, Md.....The Hub
*Baton Rouge, La.....Godchaux's
*Binghamton, N. Y.....Hills, McLean & Haskin
*Birmingham, Ala.....Laveman, Joseph & Coeb, Inc.
*Boise, Idaho.....C. C. Anderson Stores, Co.
*Bridgeport, Conn.....The D. M. Reed Co.
*Bristol, Conn.....Muzzy Bros. Co., Inc.
*Brockton, Mass.....John F. Coleman, Inc.
*Buffalo, N. Y.....J. N. Adam & Co.
*Burlington, Vt.....Abernathy-Clarkson Wright Co.
*Cedar Rapids, Iowa.....H. N. Craemer
*Champaign, Ill.....W. Lewis & Co.
*Charleston, W. Va.....The Diamond Store
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*Fargo, N. D.....O. J. Delendredie Co.
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*Geneva, N. Y.....J. W. Smith Dry Goods Co.
*Grand Rapids, Mich.....Herpold-Helmer Co.
*Great Falls, Mont.....Strain Bros.
*Greenville, S. C.....Mayers Arnold Co., Inc.
*Harrisburg, Pa.....Pomeroy's, Inc.
*Hartford, Conn.....Brown Thomson, Inc.
*Houston, Tex.....Polay Bros., Dry Goods Co.

*STORES which sponsor the official "CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air." If you live in or near these cities be sure to listen every week to this wonderful new radio program broadcast especially for fans of CALLING ALL GIRLS. If you don't know the time of station, inquire of the store which sponsors the program in your vicinity.

*Huntington, W. Va.....Huntington Dry Goods Co.
*Idaho Falls, Idaho.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
*Indianapolis, Ind.....Wm. H. Block Co.
*Jackson, Miss.....R. E. Kemington Co.
*Jacksonville, Fla.....Cohen Bros.
*Jamestown, N. Y.....Abrahamson Bigelow Co.
*Johnstown, Pa.....Penn Traffic Co.
*Joliet, Ill.....The Boston Store
*Jonesboro, Ark.....Helmemann Dry Goods Co.
*Kansas City, Mo.....George B. Peck, Inc.
*Knoxville, Tenn.....Miller's, Inc.
*Lawiston, Me.....B. Peck, Company
*Little Rock, Ark.....The M. M. Cohn Co., Inc.
*Louisville, Ky.....Stewart Dry Goods Co.
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*Macon, Ga.....Burden, Smith & Company
*Madison, Wis.....Baron Bros.
*Memphis, Tenn.....B. Lowenstein & Bros., Inc.
*Milwaukee, W. I.....Gimbel Bros.
*Murfreesboro, Tenn.....Goldstein's
*Nashville, Tenn.....Casher Knott Dry Goods Co.
*New Orleans, La.....O. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
*New Rochelle, N. Y.....Weber's
*New York, N. Y.....Gimbel Bros.
*Newark, N. J.....Kreipe Dept Store
*Oakland, Calif.....Kahn Dept Store
*Oklahoma City, Okla.....John A. Brown Co.
*Orlando, Fla.....Yowall-Drew Co.
*Palmsville, Ohio.....Gail G. Grant, Inc.
*Paterson, N. J.....Quackenbush Co.
*Philadelphia, Pa.....Gimbel Bros.
*Pittsburgh, Pa.....Rosenbaum Dept Store

*Pittsfield, Mass.....England Brothers, Inc.
*Pontiac, Mich.....Waite Bros. & Co.
*Portland, Maine.....Owen Moore & Co.
*Portland, Ore.....Olds, Workman & King
*Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....Wallace Co.
*Providence, R. I.....Cherry & Webb Co.
*Racine, Wis.....Zahn Dry Goods Co.
*Reading, Pa.....Pomeroy's, Inc.
*Richmond, Va.....Thalhimer Bros.
*Roanoke, Va.....S. H. Heltrinius Co.
*Rochester, N. Y.....Sibley, Lindsay & Cutt, Inc.
*Saginaw, Mich.....Wm. C. Weichmann Co.
*St. Cloud, Minn.....The Fandel Co., Inc.
*St. Louis, Mo.....Famous Barr Co.
*St. Paul, Minn.....Golden Rule Dept Store
*Salt Lake City, Utah.....Auerbach Company
*San Antonio, Tex.....Jack & Jill
*Sandusky, Ohio.....The Cohn Store
*Schenectady, N. Y.....The Carl Co.
*Scranton, Pa.....Celand Simpson Co.
*Seattle, Wash.....The Bon Marche
*Sheboygan, Wis.....H. C. Prange Co.
*Sioux City, Iowa.....Davidson Bros. Co.
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*Torrington, Conn.....The W. W. Mertz Co.
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*Tulsa, Okla.....Brown-Dundon Dry Goods Co.
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*Utica, N. Y.....The Boston Store
*Warren, Pa.....Melzer Wright Co.
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*Williamsport, Pa.....Brosmans
*Wilmington, Ohio.....The H. H. Thorne Company
*York, Pa.....The Bon-Ton Department Store
*Youngstown, Ohio.....The Straus-Hirschberg Co.

If your city is not listed here, write for name of store to Fashion Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

TRICKS FOR TEENS

(Continued from page 50)

better and the design will also remain fresh and visible.—*Stephanie Pick, Baltimore, Md.* A good tip for overseas parcels is to cover the address with a coat of colorless nail polish, which will make the address last at least as long as the parcel.—*C. Hearst, Toronto, Ont.* If you want your nails to match a dotted dress or hair ribbon, you can easily dot them with brilliant polish. It's sensational!—*Dorothy Killington, St. Louis, Mo.*

Pick Out Your Picture—If your hobby is collecting pictures of your friends and you want to show them all off at once, this is a super display technique. Collect old checkerboards and paste your pictures on either the red or the black squares.—*Anne Kripke, Dorchester, Mass.* Have you a frame and a picture—and they don't fit? You're lucky, because here is your chance to be decorative. Paint polka dots, stripes, or other designs on the inside of the glass, leaving enough space for your picture in the center. For a more complicated effect, paint the inside of the glass a solid color, and put your design on the outside. Let it dry before you frame the picture, of course. Then mount your picture on stiff paper the same size as the glass, and finish the framing.—*Donna Farrell, Port Credit, Ont.* An old phonograph record makes a striking frame, too. Paste one of your jitterbug friends (in picture form!) in the center, mounted on a slightly larger piece of plain-colored paper to set off the picture. By heating a nail with a match you can make a hole for hanging your record frame. A thumb tack just fits nicely.—*Dorothy Rocheleau, Edmonton, Alta.* An elegant double picture frame can be made from a square powder compact. Take out the powder tray (you don't have to remove the mirror), put in your pictures, and there's looking at you.—*Charlotte Wilma Volk, Hyde Park, Mass.*

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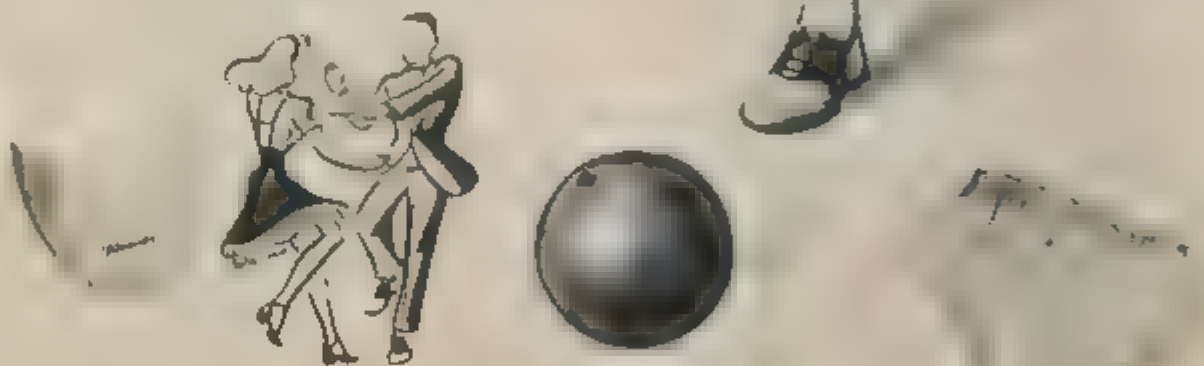
We want new and different tricks. Start dreaming them up and send in as many as you like. Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address Tricks for Teens, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

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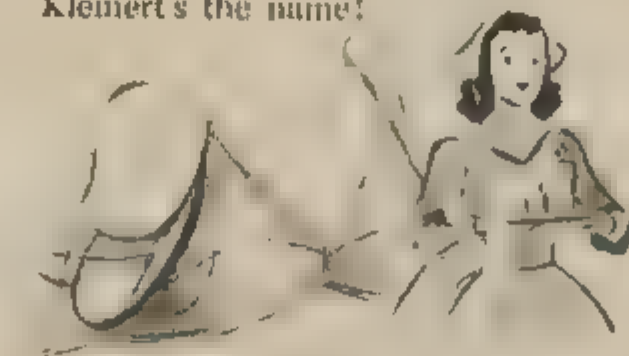
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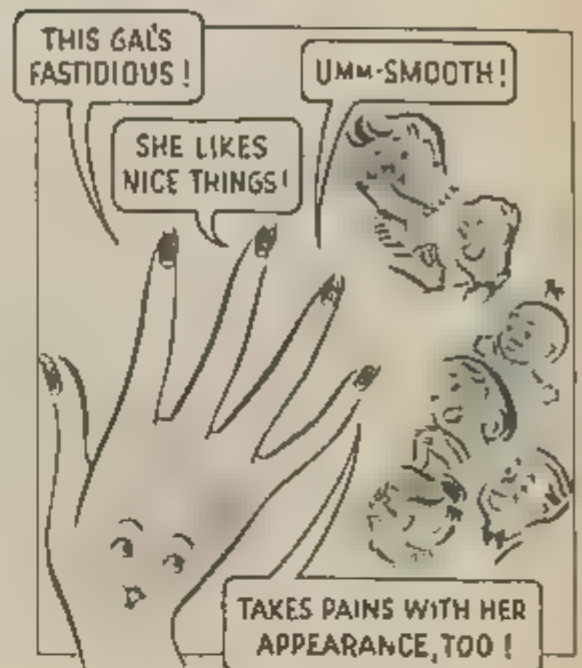
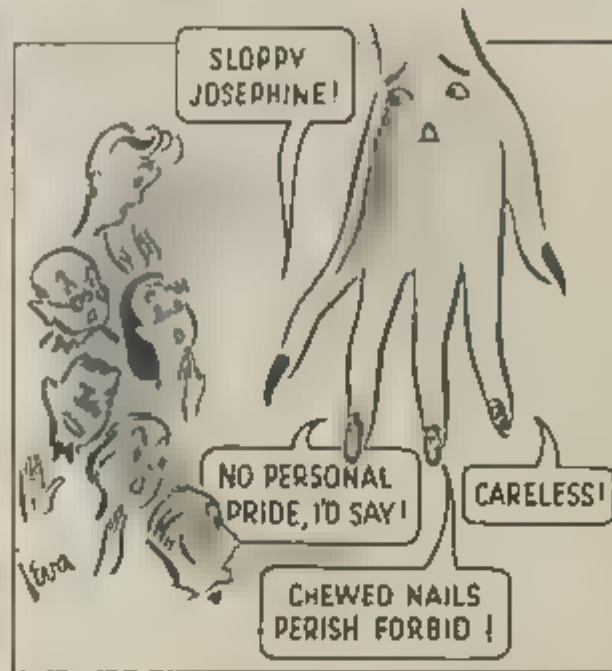
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You Talk WITH YOUR HANDS



Whether you play "handies" or not, your nails and the condition of your hands speak out loud

By LOUISE CARLISLE, Good Looks Editor

WE all have to help with household chores these days, but rough, red paws are not very attractive, whether they get that way from dish-water or outdoor sports, or classroom chalk and dust. For hands that are lovely to look at, delightful to feel, use a good cream or lotion after every hand washing. And how about getting Mother to supply bland, easy-on-the-hands soap for the dish pan?

Beautiful hands can't be created out of an occasional manicure. You have to work at them a little bit every day.

For teeners, "lobster claws" are definitely bad taste. Nails should be all the same length and rather short so they won't break when you play basketball

or other games, a smooth oval in shape, not filed down sharply at the corners.

Scrubbing hard with a stiff brush is likely to injure the cuticle or the delicate skin under the nails, so wash the hands thoroughly with warm water and soap, using a brush gently if you need it. Then wrap a bit of cotton on the end of your orange stick, dip it in the soapy water, and use it to clean under the nails. Or use a nail-white pencil softened in water. Don't jab in far under the nails, but run the tip of the pencil or orange stick evenly from one side to the other.

Never cut the cuticle unless there is a ragged hangnail that absolutely has to be snipped off. But you shouldn't have



hangnails! Whenever you wash your hands, gently push back the cuticle with the towel, rubbing off any loose particles. Every night apply oil or vaseline all around the cuticle—takes only a few seconds after your bedtime wash-up and is the best insurance against hangnails. Encourages nails to grow long and strong, too



Nothing is sloppier than colored enamel that looks as if the mice had been at it! If you can't replace your polish when it begins to peel, better take it all off and let your nails go in a state of nature. Buff-

ing is fine for the nails whether or not you also use liquid enamel, and in time will give you a pretty, natural luster.

If you care for your hands and nails regularly and manicure once a week, you can play "handies" or

raise your hand in any gathering, fully confident that your hands will speak well of you!



Want to know how to give yourself a luxurious "professional" manicure at home? Want to know more hand-language? There's a complete blow-by-blow description of the method used by the leading New York manicure salons in our new leaflet, "Right at Your Finger Tips," and more of the finger funnies that are the latest rage. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope (large size, please) to Good Looks Department 6, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



Just because it's that certain time of the month, you don't have to go around singing the blues—worrying and wondering about what to do and what not to do. Not when it's so easy to find out for sure by sending for your free copy of "As One Girl To Another".

Young and modern, this booklet is packed from cover to cover with intimate things you want to know. Tells you about bathing, swimming, dancing, sports. What to do about social contacts. Tips on good grooming. Lots of little details you'll be specially glad to know about.

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LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 21)

they felt when they were in their teens and cannot comprehend how youth feels about fun and recreation—and even about the pleasure to be found in being somewhat “noisy” now and then!

It should be possible for Betty Jane to invite some friends to her home—perhaps only one, two, or three at a time, at first. They can have a good time without being constantly and excessively noisy, and thus prove to her grandparents that it can be done. If plans are made for playing games, listening to records, dancing, making fudge, or whatever else Betty Jane and her friends might enjoy, and if the young people are careful to clean up afterwards, little home gatherings should not be too difficult. Sometimes a special room or part of a cellar can be set aside and equipped by and for the young folks, so as not to interfere with the needs of others in the family.

There are other ways of keeping up one's social contacts. In many cities and towns there are groups to join at high school or at a local church or young people's organization. If Betty Jane's grandparents could be assured of good grown-up supervision and direction they would probably permit her to take part in suitable recreational programs. And there are outdoor activities of many kinds—skating, bicycling, picnicking, hiking, and so on. And these days, especially, most communities provide opportunities for teen-age girls and boys to contribute time and service in many types of needed war work.

Wise parents and grandparents rightly assume responsibility in connection with their young people's social relationships, want their young charges to make worthy friends and have meaningful experiences in their out-of-school hours. They should also realize that girls and boys must have many opportunities to work and play with their contemporaries.

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CAREERS FOR TOMORROW

(Continued from page 9)

for mechanics. Be honest with yourself. Discover what talents and abilities you already have and what skills you seem fitted to acquire.

Maybe you're a practical sort, like Marian who excels in mathematics, drives a car with sure skill, and works best with tangible things like tools and numbers. Maybe you're more like Carol, the artist, primarily creative. Or perhaps you're like Sue, a warmly human and sympathetic person who gets along well with other people. More than likely there's quite a bit of two or three of these girls in you. Whatever you're like, once you know yourself you'll find there are many grand jobs you can do.

If you're mechanically minded, like Marian, there are a host of possibilities. You may "man" a control tower in an airport, telling planes when they may land and where, or you might pilot a plane your-

self—perhaps one of the helicopter busses that may someday connect all our cities. There will be work for your scientific mind and skilled hands in the research and production of "synthetics"—newer and better plastics, new kinds of ultra-warm, ultra-light, waterproof or fireproof fabrics, and many other products we can only guess at today. You may devise the sets for television broadcasts—miniature ships, miniature cities, miniature earthquakes—so many of which will be needed when radio is seen as well as heard.

Perhaps you will find your special satisfaction in designing the houses of the future and the mechanical equipment that goes into them. You may become a meteorologist, a factory worker (if you can handle precision tools with skill and respect), an engineer, a map-maker, a laboratory technician, or a doctor. Or maybe you've

spent a summer as a farm aide, and know already that you'd like the job of growing things.

If you are Carol's kind of person, you will have far more opportunities than ever before to employ your creative ability and your feeling for the gracious and beautiful. Who but you should plan the arrangement and decoration of our houses? Men have done most of this planning in the past, and many of the things they've done have been pretty silly. But a woman is the one who uses a home most—especially its vital center, the kitchen—and a woman is the one who should say what it's to be like.

There will be other jobs for you, too. You may be the one who sees to it that all the colorful, practical things shaped out of plastics are as beautiful as they are useful. You may make a career in fashion design, using exciting new materials to work with. Or if your artistic talent runs to acting, you have a new medium to conquer; the talent or the beauty that doesn't quite fit Hollywood or the stage may be just what television wants. Writers, too, will have television as a new field in addition to newspapers, magazines, books, and movies. Perhaps you will apply your talent, as women are already doing, to advertising, to designing stage scenery or costumes, or to buying for a department store. American musicians, painters, sculptors, and dancers, too, are winning more serious recognition and wider audiences as the years go on, and perhaps you will be one of those who, after intensive training, win success in one of these fields.

In all the activities of the world of tomorrow, you who, like Sue, can deal well with people will have a prominent part. You may be a splendid airplane stewardess, a nurse, a beautician, or a saleswoman for the new products Marian and Carol are making. Per-

(Continued on page 60)



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CAREERS FOR TOMORROW

(Continued from page 58)

sonnel work is a growing field, for we are realizing more and more that it demands special training not only to put the right employee in the right job, but also to help solve the many problems that arise wherever numbers of people work together. Or you could be a superlative teacher—a kind of guide-to-living for your students, knowing how to use the movies, the radio, and the whole community to help boys and girls understand themselves, each other, and the world they dwell in. It is estimated that 400,000 more teachers are needed now and after the war for an adequate school program, so there's an opportunity for you—and a challenge! You may be working in preventive medicine, showing people how to keep well; you may be demonstrating the uses of new forms of food, or working at a community child-care center; you may be a social service worker. You may be helping to explain and enforce the laws, as police-woman, lawyer, or judge—or helping to make them, as a duly elected representative of your fellow citizens. You may be representing your country as a member of its consular service in foreign lands. You may be adding to the daily comfort of other people by managing a home, a restaurant, or a hotel.

If your talents and interests are varied, you will find many opportunities for women awaiting you. Offices and professions have opened their doors for more and more women to do jobs that used to be labeled "men only." In business, there will be work for clerks, stenographers, receptionists, telephone operators, and so on, of course—but there will also be a need for organizers and administrators both at home and in the undeveloped regions which will be drawn into the network of world markets. Travel posts still to be established will offer you a job if

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There are apt to be unavoidable delays in publishing during war-time so please be patient if your copy does not appear on the same day each month. It will be ready as soon as possible, and we hope that if you have to wait a little while for it, you'll be even more eager than ever to see what's new in your favorite magazine—

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you have a longing to see far places and the ability to get along in strange lands. The mere fact that you are a girl does not necessarily mean that you are limited to being a secretary in the business world; you can do the job yourself.

Tomorrow's jobs will go to those who are best prepared to do them with skill, imagination, and dependability. So no matter where your interests lie, it is wise to start training as soon as possible to take your place in the world. How can you pick, from the many new directions leading out into the world, the one which is best for you? How can you prepare to follow it?

Some schools and young people's organizations have guidance counselors. Parents and teachers are usually willing advisers. You can talk to business men and others in your community who know special fields. Books on vocations will help round out the picture. Take every opportunity to widen your interests and give them a fair trial, for the more interests you have, the more likely you are to find the spot that clicks for you. You should lay the groundwork for your training in a common-sense way. You'll have to know something about the world today and the history that made it, something about people and what makes them tick, no matter what your work is to be. Your home and your school and your community will be your laboratory as you train. Courses in chemistry and physics, in art and cooking and sewing, in history, geography, languages, and typing—these are some of the fundamentals you'll need. As you begin to decide what general line of work you'll pursue, you can specialize further.

It won't be easy to find the proper spot for you in the world of tomorrow and to train yourself to fill it. But what important thing was ever easy? And what could be more important than preparing yourself to do well a job that will earn for you a vital part in tomorrow?



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Junior Housekeeping

(Continued from page 37)



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GOODNESS knows how biscuits came to be an acid test of a cook. Probably because the male really loves them and is practically pathetic in his gratitude if they're good. No doubt he overemphasizes their importance, but if you want a short cut to cooking fame—try these biscuit tips.

SIFTING

Prove to yourself how important sifting is by measuring a cup of flour, sifting it, and then trying to pile the flour back into the cup. You simply won't believe it could increase its bulk so magically. If you'd used that tight-packed, unsifted flour, your measurements would be way out. And sifting the flour again after your dry ingredients are added distributes them properly through the flour.

BAKING POWDER

Recipes calling for two teaspoons of baking powder to a cup of flour assume that you're using one of the single-action powders. If yours is marked "Double Action" on its label, use half the suggested quantity.

SHORTENING

This recipe is economical as to shortening. Less fat would make a floury biscuit. More in proportion—up to an additional four tablespoons—would produce a better, "shorter" dough. Ask your mother, and experiment.

MIXING

Combining shortening and flour is fun. Slide your hands, backs out, down the inside of the bowl toward the bottom of the mix and work up, lifting as you rub the lumps of shortening between the thumb and fingers. When there are no more big lumps left, and the whole thing looks like cornmeal, you're ready for the liquid.

MILK

Lift again—with a spoon this time—as you stir in the milk.

Incidentally, in a pinch, water can be substituted for the milk, though of course the results won't taste quite so good.

SECOND SAVER

If you want to get the slowest part of the preparation out of the way ahead of time, you can mix your flour and shortening, and measure the milk. But don't stir the milk in until the last minute, or the baking powder will lose some of its pep.

ROLLING

This is more of a trick than the foolproof "drop" method, but worth learning. If you haven't tried it before, you might attempt it with only half the dough. (Drop the rest by spoonfuls on a greased cookie sheet; you can't go wrong with that sure-fire method.) Spread a little flour on the rolling pin and the board with your hand, then turn the dough onto the board and pat a little flour on its top, too—just enough so it won't stick to the rolling pin. Too much flour upsets the delicate balance of ingredients necessary for lightness. Then take your pin and lightly roll the dough from the center toward the edges. Keep on until it has an even thickness of one inch, if you're making tall shortcakes, or a quarter-inch if you want tiny tea biscuits. Dip the cutter into flour, press into the dough, and lift out the loosened rounds with a spatula. Make your cuts as close together as you can, and then push the scraps together and repeat. Remember, easy does it. It's no accident that the classic phrase for a good pastry cook has always been "a nice light hand."

Biscuits can carry the ball or run the interference on any spot in a meal. If you want to be in on all the signals, send a postal card asking for the leaflet, "Score with Biscuits," to Junior Housekeeping Department 13, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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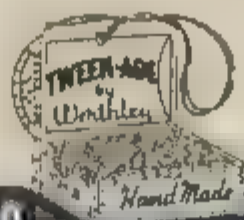
1st Prize—\$75 War Bond
2nd Prize—\$50 War Bond
3rd Prize—\$25 War Bond
4th Prize—\$10 War Stamps
5th Prize—\$5 War Stamps
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IF YOU'RE "JEWELRY DROOLY" (AND WHO ISN'T?)
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Design the jewelry you would like to wear—whatever wacky gadget or novelty accessory you prefer. Submit as many designs as you wish. Awards will be based on originality; remember, it's the idea that counts. Get an entry blank from the girls' wear department of your favorite store. (If your store is not "in the know", write us and we'll tell you where to go.) Describe your idea and sketch it roughly on the entry blank. Return this to the store. That's absolutely all you have to do. Winning designs will be made into actual "Tween-Age Jewelry." For ideas, look at the display in your special girls' wear accessory bar of "Tween-Age Jewelry" bearing this authentic label.

Contest closes October 15th, 1944, and the Grand Prize Winners will be announced in the March, 1945, issue of *Calling All Girls*. Judges for the contest will be: Hildgarde (famous radio star), Elizabeth M. Roraback (stylist—Traphagen School of Fashion), Catherine Roberts (fashion editor "Motion Picture") and Nancy Pepper (fashion editor *Calling All Girls*).

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SELF-PORTRAIT BY REYNOLDS

(Continued from page 7)

Her first movie bit in "Yankee Doodle Dandy" was followed by more important parts in "The Constant Nymph," "George Washington Slept Here," and "The Adventures of Mark Twain." In other words, Warner Brothers knew she could act before they gave her the job of playing her young self before the camera. Because even playing yourself isn't the easiest thing in the world to do, under the handicaps of dazzling lights and the critical gaze of experienced movie-makers. Old-timers in the business knew that, if Joyce didn't. But when "Janie" was finished they admitted that she had been equal to the task, and Joyce Reynolds became a full-fledged star.

Joyce didn't win a contest and rise to fame overnight. As a child she lived a normal life in Houston, Texas. She liked nothing better than watching her father hunt ducks and ride horseback. Riding—Texas style—is still her favorite sport.

Mrs. Reynolds wanted her daughter to be a schoolteacher, but Joyce had other ideas. When she was told to write an essay on her life ambition, one day in high school, she started off simply, "I plan to be a movie actress."

After attending junior and senior high schools in Houston, and the high school at Beverly Hills, California, when the family moved farther west, Joyce entered the University of California at Los Angeles. There she won a place for herself with the University Players, and was given parts in "Ah, Wilderness" and "Alice in Wonderland." Her performance in those productions resulted in a movie contract.

When she came to New York recently she declared that, as a star, she probably ought to be "much more blasé." But the Reynolds sense of humor and zest for living got the better of her. Joyce still enjoys being—and playing—herself.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE MYSTERY

(Continued from page 40)

The rest of the afternoon was almost equally successful. At any rate, she was sufficiently pleased with herself that the remainder of the week end and all day Monday moved with the speed of an ancient and discouraged snail. Sometimes it seemed that Monday evening would never come. Of course her impatience, Gilly assured herself, was solely because of her eagerness to see how the pictures turned out.

It had nothing at all to do with the way Doug smiled, or with the fact that he was so much fun to talk to.

"Or anyway," she added defensively, "not much."

Finally she was actually walking toward the florist shop, but slowly, so as not to be too early. There was a light in the shop and Gilly paused in front of the window, smiling in at the big gold chrysanthemums as if they were personal friends. She almost felt as if they were.

Then Gilly saw the thin dark man behind the counter and got her idea. He was in a perfect position, halfway between the bright light in the ceiling and the softer glow that emanated from the big blossom-filled refrigerator. It would be nice, she thought—and, after all, the least she could do—to take a picture of Doug's father. If it didn't turn out well, of course, she needn't show it to him. But if it did, perhaps it would partially repay him for his generosity to her.

Gilly lifted the camera and stepped two feet to the right. There. You never could be sure, with artificial light, but she thought that was it. It was lucky she had one picture left on her roll.

Just as she snapped the shutter, the man swung around. And in the same instant that she realized she had taken a picture of his back, she realized, too, that she had made a double exposure. She'd been so busy gloating over her last picture Saturday afternoon

To think that
they'd
given me up!

I heard them say so . . . Mother held out some hope, but Grandmother said I'd never be a lady, and Grandfather said, "Well . . ."

Now I can see what they meant. All flyaway I was, and messy, and fuzzy about things.

Then something happened. Maybe it was that box of Eaton paper I got for my birthday. It was so pretty — so grown up! I straightened up my desk to match . . . then my room . . .

And then me! Now they all agree — I'm not hopeless a-tall!



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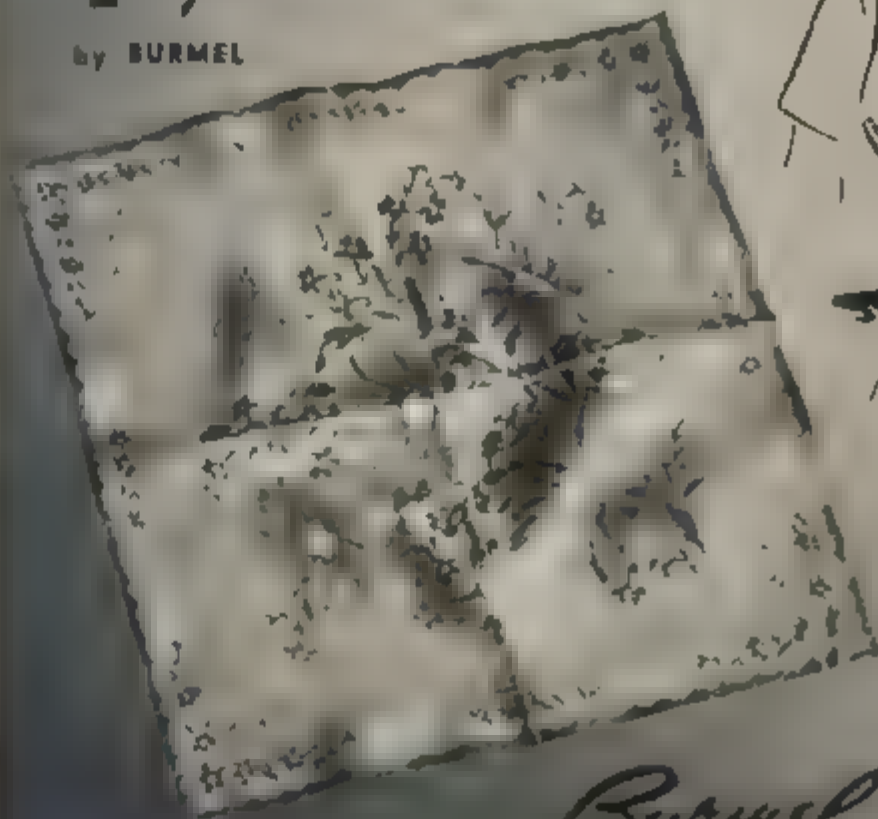
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CALLING ALL GIRLS

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that—she remembered it clearly now—she hadn't turned the knob after she'd made it.

"You stupid thing," Gilly told herself severely. Why, she hadn't made a double exposure for ages. She'd have to see if she couldn't cut it from the roll before Doug noticed it. A fine camera expert he'd think she was, if he saw that.

There. Now she had turned the knob over. And the man behind the florist shop counter had turned around again. This time she didn't waste a moment. She focused hastily, and then breathed a sigh of relief. He'd even been looking toward the camera when she made her shot.

Working with Doug was even more fun than working with Ben had been. Doug had film to develop, too, and they took

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turns loading their rolls in his developing tank, rinsing off the negatives, and pouring in the hypo; and finally both their rolls were finished. Doug had a fine drying arrangement in an airy window, and soon they were both ready to print.

Doug was fortunately busy for a moment adjusting the enlarger, and Gilly had the chance she'd been waiting for to snip the doubly-exposed negative from her roll before he could notice. In order to conceal what she had done, she had to cut the whole roll into individual films.

"You always do that?" Doug asked, looking around as she sliced the last two apart. "I always just leave the roll in one piece. It's easier that way."

"Oh, I—sometimes I do, too." Gilly shoved the ruined rectangle into a wastebasket and tried to sound nonchalant.

She insisted that Doug print his pictures first, and she was tremendously admiring as one after another of his clear, crisp prints came into being in the developing tray.

"Gee, you're really good," she murmured. "That shot of the postman there—if that doesn't win the prize . . .!"

"If it doesn't, one of yours will," he grinned. "Your negatives look swell."

And they were, Gilly thought happily a little later, when it was her turn. Yes, they were all right. That one of the cop was particularly good. She'd been sure it would be.

Gilly saved until the last the picture she'd taken through the florist shop window. As she twisted the knob on the enlarger, bringing the picture into focus, Doug bent down to see.

"Say, who's that?"

Gilly smiled. "Guess." Suddenly she hoped that he didn't think she was fresh, or that she'd done this just to make an impression on him.

A few moments later she turned off the light and put the paper into the developing tray. Slowly the image of the thin dark man behind the counter emerged, clear and alive.

"Who is that?" Doug asked.

Gilly looked at it once more herself. Surely he could see who it was. It was an excellent likeness.

"The man who owns the florist shop downstairs," she told him airily.

Doug bent lower over the tray, and then came upright to stare at her. "I don't get it," he said slowly. "I never saw that guy before in my life."

"But . . . !" Now it was Gilly's turn to stare. And at just that moment a voice shouted up the stairs from below, a frightened hoarse voice.

"Hey, up there! Anybody home? Come down here quick," it said. "Something's happened to Mr. McCord!"

(To be continued)



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CALLING ALL GIRLS

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JUDY WING - SHE'S IN A WHIRL	SPARUNA	3	
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STAR WITHOUT SPOTLIGHT	SAM GLANZMAN	2	

THE VICTORY CLUB: THEY GIVE UP 2 W W	?	3	
ADDED ATTRACTIONS	JEVA*	2/3	
JEWEL BOX	JEVA*	1	
YOU TALK WITH YOUR HANDS	JEVA*	1	
DORIS POPSON AD	ANDERSON*	1	